Terrorism's Seven Deadly Sins • Who Bugged Andy Young?
Joyce Carol Oates Is Not For Sale • Erica Jong on John Updike

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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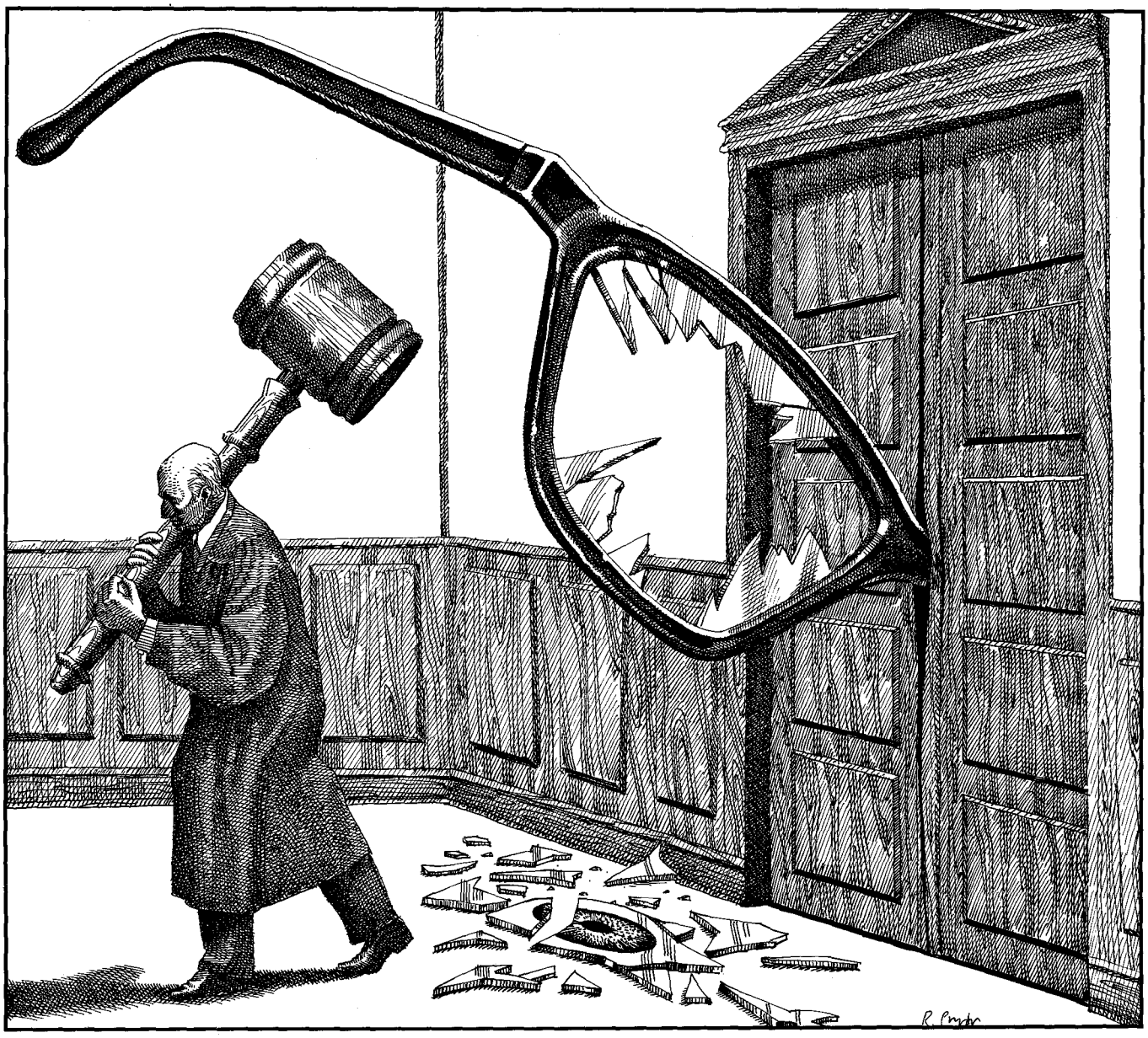

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Carol Ritter, court reporter for Gannett Rochester Newspapers, went to cover the pretrial hearing for the accused.

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The Gannett Rochester Newspapers strongly disagreed and challenged the judge's right to close the doors of justice to the people, including the press. They took that challenge to the Supreme Court of the United States.

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TRB

from Washington
September 15, 1979

Bad Trouble

I think the country's in bad trouble and doesn't realize how bad the trouble is. It's economic. Inflation is already at 13 percent and the estimate for August (to be announced September 25) may be a shocker. To meet inflation, Federal Reserve chairman Paul Volcker is slamming on higher interest rates, which put a brake on business. Fine, say the bankers! But there are two disadvantages—the remedy takes a long time, and it deepens recession and unemployment. Unemployment is now around 5.7 percent. With higher interest rates it could go to eight percent next year. If that happens it will probably dominate the election. Republicans and Democrats will compete to cut taxes and stimulate the economy—overboard with the balanced budget! But that brings more inflation. . . .

This isn't just theoretical. Quiet voices of respected economists are speculating about it, conservative and liberal. And what strikes you is that none of them has a quick fix. Their remedies are different and run the whole scale of economic theory but they agree on this: it will take time. Meanwhile, it seems likely, some people will have a reduced standard of living.

Along with all this is the energy crunch and here again, I think, the public hasn't fully grasped it, even after the crisis at the gas pumps. Gasoline is back again, thank heaven, even at one dollar a gallon, and we try to ignore what happened as an aberration. But our supply depends on the roulette wheel of crazy Middle East politics. Sure, there are plenty of other sources of energy, but it takes time to develop them. Two-dollar gasoline (which is what the rest of the world pays) will change America's unique system of personal transportation; our suburbs, our cities, our superhighways, our society. Heating oil shortages could change our houses and the clothes we wear in them.

Hitler's production genius, Albert Speer, warned in the *New York Times* the other day of "the ominous impotence with which Americans today are approaching their confrontation with the dangers from a scarcity of oil that threatens their nation."

Alan M. Greenspan, the conservative economic adviser of Gerald Ford, thinks Mr. Carter will enter the primary campaigns early next year with inflation running high and with the recession entering a stage of "virulence." He speaks with compassion, almost pity. He hopes unemployment will fall short of eight percent. He doesn't know anything the president can do at this stage, he says, that will produce signs of immediate improvement.

And here's Barry Bosworth, retired as Carter's director of Wage and Price Stability and now senior fellow at Brookings. We haven't solved either inflation or recession, he says, and both are worse than they were in the 1974-75 recession (the worst since the Great Depression). Wage raises have been remarkably moderate so far, he says, which means that millions have taken "enormous declines" in their standards of living. Productivity, he says, of which Americans are so proud, has plummeted; there isn't enough investment in plants and machines: "We're a very wealthy country but in fact we've run out of capital," Bosworth declares. He adds, "The problem is that there is nothing we can do that will have an immediate gain."

Fifty years ago the crazy stock market inflation wave of the 1920s crested, wavered, and collapsed. It gave us in its swirling ruin the Great Depression, Roosevelt, Hitler, and World War II. United States Steel common shares sold for $262 in September 1929 and fell to $22; General Motors from $73 to $8. A seat on the stock market that brought $625,000 at the height of the frenzy recently changed hands at $210,000.

Nobody thinks the present recession resembles 1929—for one thing, there has been an almost timid approach by investors to the 1978-79 stock market and many shares, instead of being wildly inflated, sell below their intrinsic value. We benefit from Keynes who reversed the traditional economic dogma (as firmly fixed as the biological thinking before Darwin) that laissez faire automatically brings full employment. Roosevelt accepted the responsibility of the government for the economy. Now our welfare state is stuffed with cushions to temper hard times and unemployment.

What remains, however, is the feeling that we are somehow entering a new era and that important things that affect our lives are changing profoundly. Inflation and recession at once, and the scarcity of cheap fuel; the drop of productivity, yes, and the sale in Detroit of excellent cheap cars, from Japan of all places; and the collapse of Chrysler—surely something strange is happening. There is worry and confusion, a little quaver in our national confidence. Is America top dog anymore? President Carter attributes it to malaise, a spiritual affliction, but it is a lot more than that. What is extraordinary, really, is the irrelevance of President Carter to much that is happening. He recommends things: Congress goes on vacation. We have a feeling that he is not in control. But who is in control? Party discipline is absent, Congress is largely autonomous, special interests lobby, the bureaucracy prints its forms. Our government is built around the presidency and works well in great crises, but now the economy is merely ailing, not collapsing; the banks haven't closed as they did in March 1933, permitting FDR to work his will. How simple it seems in retrospect: Roosevelt's job, for example, was to help farmers who couldn't give away their wheat at 25 cents a bushel. Now Carter must reconcile the opposite needs of both lowering prices and at the same time putting people to work despite the Volcker interest rates, and of persuading legislators to go along.

I predict that we will wait awhile as things get worse, then have a tax cut. Bosworth believes that in about a year unemployment will be rising sharply. In 1975, our last recession, unemployment rose about a million a month in January, February, and March. Congress could switch rapidly from austerity to stimulation if recession takes hold. There presumably would be social unrest at home. If inflation continues, anger will rise among our allies and the OPEC countries that are awash in depreciating dollars. These are lively prospects. I find them more interesting than whether Carter gets renominated.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 15, 1979

Don't Fumble the Enchilada

In the past year Mexico has gained a new importance in the eyes of the United States. The reason is oil. Mexico has lots of it—probably more than Saudi Arabia. The news began to leak out only a year ago ("Oil of Olé," *TNR*, August 19, 1978), and the Mexicans have been bemused at all the sudden attention from their Yankee neighbors. During the past summer's gasoline shortage, no fewer than four governors—from California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas—made personal visits to curry favor with the Mexicans, something they never would have done when Mexico was just another poor Latin American neighbor. Oil has permanently changed the relationship between the US and Mexico.

Whether this new relationship will be one of distrust or cooperation is still to be decided. The US has done nothing to allay the suspicions of the Mexican government about our willingness to treat Mexico as an equal. It has done a great deal to heighten those suspicions and to fuel anti-American feeling south of the border. Energy Secretary James Schlesinger made himself a *bestia negra* in Mexico last year by his high-handed veto of a natural gas deal between Mexico's state-owned oil company, PEMEX, and six US pipeline companies. Schlesinger thought the price was too high and that the Mexicans eventually would have no choice but to sell to the US on our terms. So far the Mexicans haven't budged, preferring to flare away half a trillion cubic feet of natural gas a day rather than submit to what they see as arrogant arm-twisting by the US. President Carter got a public rebuke from Mexican president José Lopez-Portillo when he visited Mexico City in February, but Carter apparently failed to realize that Lopez-Portillo was upset and responded with some joking remarks about the consequences of drinking the local water.

The latest instance of American bumbling happened as a result of the June 3 blowout of a PEMEX well in the Gulf of Mexico, which has created the biggest oil spill in history. The spill became a real issue only in August, when oil started washing up on the beaches at Padre Island in Texas. The state attorney general started making noises about demanding compensation from Mexico. The governor discouraged such notions, not least because the company he used to own had provided some of the equipment used on the blown PEMEX well. Apparently he was worried that his firm might also be expected to reimburse someone. Then Robert Krueger, who holds the newly created position of ambassador for Mexican affairs, announced the US had sent Mexico a message requesting a meeting to discuss compensation for the oil spill. (The current ambassador to Mexico, Patrick Lucey, got his job as a political reward for his 1976 support of Carter, but proved unpopular with his hosts. When Carter wanted to replace him, Lucey balked. So Carter had to come up with another title for Krueger, who apparently already had been promised the ambassadorship.) The Mexicans were annoyed because Krueger made the message public before they even had gotten it, a violation of traditional diplomatic courtesy. But they were even more irritated at the suggestion that they should compensate the US for the spill. The Mexican foreign minister brusquely declared that his country had no intention of paying the US anything. President Lopez-Portillo was angry enough that he nearly postponed Carter's visit to Mexico scheduled for the end of this month. The Mexicans were also annoyed that when their chief of protocol came to Washington to make arrangements for the visit with US chief of protocol Kitty Kobelle, she was too busy to meet with him. Only a special trip to Mexico by Under Secretary of State Warren Christopher kept the Mexicans from calling off the Carter visit.

As for the compensation suggested by Krueger, the

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Mexicans note that the US has never bothered to compensate Mexico when it has caused environmental damage south of the border. A favorite analogy is the Colorado River, which became so salty because of diversion of water by Arizona's farmers that the entire Mexicali Valley was turned arid. The US eventually agreed to purify the water, but didn't compensate Mexico for the damage already done. One progressive Mexican magazine, *Proceso*, notes that some US companies build plants in Mexico to escape US environmental rules. The Mexicans also say no country ever has compensated another for damage from an oil spill and see no reason why they should be the first.

The idea that nations should compensate one another for accidents like this is a reasonable one, but what looks like a matter of principle to Americans looks like simple greed to Mexicans. A common opinion in Mexico is that the US is publicizing the oil spill only to give it more leverage in the natural gas negotiations.

In any case, the US shouldn't be preoccupied with getting compensation for the spill at the expense of larger and ultimately more important considerations. Like it or not, the US needs Mexican oil, to reduce our vulnerability to OPEC's price gouging and its capricious supplies. To get Mexican oil we will have to make special efforts to get along with Mexico. The Mexicans are in a strong bargaining position for a change, and they are not likely to let us forget it. Given the upheaval in Nicaragua and the prospect of more Castro-financed mischief in Central America, the US also has strategic reasons for cultivating Mexico. Treating Mexico as an equal will improve the American image there and in the rest of Latin America, and the improvement is badly needed. So far, however, the US has undermined its friends by its clumsy handling of Mexican relations. This latest flap was especially ill timed, coming on the eve of the conference of non-aligned nations.

Carter is going to Mexico again at the end of this month, and he can expect an even cooler reception this visit. That is because he has mostly ignored Mexico since his last trip, and when his administration has taken notice of Mexico, it has been only to offend the Mexicans further. If we want to get along with Mexico, then we will have to grant it the attention and respect it deserves. The Mexicans are still waiting for the US to change its old ways. The US should not assume they will wait forever.

Now It's Carter's Lie

President Carter has not yet said why he fired Andrew Young. Instead, he's allowed the myth to go unchallenged that Young was fired because of Jewish pressure. Carter knows that is false. There was no Jewish clamor for Young to go. Most national Jewish leaders explicitly disavowed such a wish. The insistent demands that the loose-lipped ambassador be ousted came from the State Department, not exactly a Jewish stronghold. Some Foggy Bottom eminences probably were not too displeased to have the Jews take the rap for their long-sought revenge on Young for his breaches of diplomatic etiquette during the last two years.

Preponderant elements in the black leadership (but certainly not all of the black leadership; not, for example, Bayard Rustin, who wrote an eloquent dissent on the *New York Times* op-ed page, or the Urban League's Vernon Jordan, whose brave statement distinguishing his views from Jesse Jackson's rhetorical pyrotechnics aren't entirely ignored by the press) have been saying all over the tube and in their churches as well that Young was sacrificed on the altar of Jewish influence. An ugly mood has been created, and Carter knows this too. Carter addressed it in his speech at Atlanta's Emory University late last month, but he contented himself with a squeamish plea that blacks and Jews kiss and make up.

That's not enough. Carter should have scotched the lie. As long as he keeps his silence, permitting black leaders, for whatever reason, to intensify anti-Semitic sentiment in their constituency, the lie in effect is his. (Carter also has not yet brought himself to criticize his brother Billy's gutter views on Jews. Billy, by the way, is in Libya again, this time celebrating the 10th anniversary of the rule of Colonel Qaddafi, bankroller to the PLO, the Bader-Meinhof gang, the Red Brigades, the Provisional IRA, and other members of the terrorist international.)

Along with this continuing evidence of President Carter's cowardice, we have some more evidence of his incompetence. Meeting with Florida editors recently, he told them that none of the Arab heads of state he's met wants an independent Palestinian state. It's the truth. We've been telling you this for years. But it was a pretty stupid thing for Carter to say. Arab leaders don't feel constrained to deny what is said about them in *The New Republic*, but they can hardly remain silent when the president himself reveals their uncomfortable secret. Watch now for renewed fervent declarations from the Arab leadership of its loyalty to Arafat's boyhood dream to be president of Palestine.

In a way, it's good that Carter has come clean on this one. It proves how misguided the administration's initiative to the PLO—and it *is* the Carter administration's, not Andy Young's—actually is. The PLO will accept nothing less than a Palestinian state, one that would be heavily indebted to the Soviets. The PLO won't even say it wants that state only in the West Bank and Gaza. With the PLO in the negotiations, its demands would become the reference point for discussions. If the PLO could not be satisfied, the negotiations would fail. And what the PLO means by

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Correspondence

Nuclear scenario

To the editors:

The plausible reservations about SALT II are based on the possibility that allowable relative nuclear strength could deprive the United States of an effective second strike capability against the USSR. Such a prospect is chilling because it makes a Soviet first strike inviting, and should that happen, the United States and its NATO allies especially would be tempted to surrender rather than employ their limited remaining nuclear force.

The dreadful scenario reels in this way: sometime in the early 1980s two new Soviet missiles, the SS 18 and 19, because of their range and accuracy, could, as Defense Secretary Brown admits, destroy with "high assurance" most of the 1000 American land-based Minute Man missiles, all of which are deliberately positioned far from urban centers. Using only a fraction of its nuclear arsenal, this Soviet first strike could also take out American strategic air fields and portside nuclear armed submarines. American second strike forces, consisting of submarines at sea and planes airborne, could retaliate against many Soviet cities, perhaps emptied as Moscow in 1812. Our land-based ICBMs, however, defanged by the Soviet first strike, could not destroy the remote Soviet missile installations or their widely dispersed industrial complexes.

The Soviets would then be able to argue persuasively:

"NATO cities are all untouched. If you do not respond against our cities, which is your one effective recourse, we shall not fire again. However, here are our demands. . . ."

European allies will understandably make quick evaluations in which surrender will be an attractive option. We shall also be sorely tested.

Every sentient person must be for arms control which will reduce or eliminate the threat of global disaster or surrender to brute force. The question, however, is how can we also retain the deterrence of an effective and believable second strike capability?

Nuclear combat, however limited, has never been an acceptable policy. The sole valid reason for our atomic arsenal should be deterrence. By separating our ICBMs from population centers, in an effort to decrease our exposure, we have unwittingly increased the risk of nuclear disaster. This policy was acceptable until the Soviet Union developed a nuclear capability accurate enough to destroy our ICBMs in the remote centers of Dakota and elsewhere.

The irrational and inhuman game of nuclear "chicken" in which mankind is now engaged must either cease totally, or we must put ourselves irretrievably and unmistakably on the line. SALT II is not inconsistent with these principles, for it does not prohibit the relocation of the allowable ICBMs. The question is one of resolve.

Morris B. Abram
Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison
New York, New York

No secrets

To the editors:

I would like to set the record straight on two minor points in Morton Kondracke's interesting and thought-provoking article ("Synfuel Madness," *TNR*, July 28). Kondracke reported that a Rand Corporation study for the Energy Department was "unearthed by the *New York Times*," and leaves the reader to infer that this was a secret study. ("But it takes no secret documents to prove that vast sums are involved here. . . .") Actually, the *Los Angeles Times* learned that the report, *A Review of Cost Estimation in New Technologies: Implications for Energy Process Plants*, was about to go to press and asked for a pre-publication copy, which was provided. Articles based on that report then appeared in the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Economist* (London) prior to the *New York Times* article.

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Paul Weeks
Public Information Director
The Rand Corporation
Santa Monica, California

Union-busting

To the editors:

Dedra Hauser ("The Union-Busting Hustle," *TNR*, August 25) implies that there is no legitimate anti-union story that employers have the right to convey to their workers. But many unions are ineffective, manipulative, or just plain corrupt, while many employers provide fair wages and benefits, or as much as they reasonably believe they can afford. Surely the freedom to speak with workers about such things applies to employers as well as to unions.

As a labor lawyer representing management, I hold no brief for consultants or others who use threats or other gross forms of coercion. However, as a former union lawyer, I am also aware that unions are not strangers to the use of intimidation and coercion.

Leaving aside the blatant threats used by a relatively small number of employers and unions, we should credit employees with sufficient intelligence to evaluate logically the arguments and tactics utilized by both sides. Thus the fact that today unions are losing more than one half of NLRB elections generally must be attributed to the emotions purportedly generated by psychological warfare used by employers.

Robert D. Kaplan
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Risking boredom

To the editors:

George Woodcock's assertion that "Utopia is Boring" (*TNR*, August 25), while not totally erroneous, underestimates the advantages of life in New Zealand and too easily accepts the values of less equitable societies such as our own or the even more raw Australia.

While residing in New Zealand during the summer (their winter) of 1977, we found ourselves deprived of the stimulation provided by the New York blackout riots, which were widely reported in the Kiwi media. While such as "Son of Sam" stalked New York City, our seven-year-old son was able to explore his Wellington neighborhood by himself without concern for safety.

If extreme class differences, ethnic and social polarization, and the ability to make one's pile without heavy taxation go hand in hand with artistic and creative energy, as implied by Woodcock, we'll take the risk of boredom in Utopia.

Bruce M. & Sondra Astor Stave
Coventry, Connecticut

The editors welcome correspondence from TNR's readers. Letters intended for publication should include the correspondent's full name, address, and telephone number, should be typed double-spaced, and held to under 200 words. Longer letters may be abridged due to lack of space.

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success is precisely what the president has always said he doesn't want. What Carter should be doing, if he really wants to move the autonomy talks along as he says he does, is to stop his flirtation with the PLO.

Why should he, a press chorus asks, when Moshe Dayan is right now visiting with PLO supporters in the West Bank and Gaza? Of course the Israelis have been meeting with residents of the occupied territories—some of whom say they support the PLO—for years. The Israelis and the local Arabs have plenty to talk about. The PLO leadership in Beirut, on the other hand, has only one item on its agenda, indeed only one reason to exist: a Palestinian state. As long as Washington gives signals that seats at the table are reserved for the Beirut contingent, the resident Palestinians will not begin the serious negotiation that the Israelis long for.

Israel will give nothing to the PLO because the PLO would use what it gets first to try for everything later. This is to say nothing of what PLO rule would mean for the local Arabs; remember Lebanon. Once it is clear that the PLO is not the anointed heir to Arab Palestine, more moderate elements from the occupied territories, and also the the government of Jordan, will come forward and seize the ample opportunities that Camp David offers for both peace and justice. When something like this happens, it will be the right time to persuade Israel—yes, even to pressure Israel—to move way beyond Begin's unacceptably chintzy home-rule notions to a generous and dignified autonomy scheme. Or better yet, it will be time to do what we have urged in these pages: to partition the territories, restoring most of them and just about all of the populated areas to an Arab sovereignty linked to Jordan.

The Human Comedy

From the August 20 *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by J. E. Smith, Berkeley, California):

Los Angeles

'I can't think of any country that doesn't have music, either local or international, playing on the radio—music is such an important dimension in life,' commented Joe Smith, president of Elektra/Asylum Records here, discussing the Ayatollah Khomeini's ban on broadcast music in Iran.

Although Smith considers the ban 'atrocious,' he says that Iran never has been a large market for Western music. 'It only just started to open up, due to an interest in disco with a small percentage of Iranians. Now there is little chance of the market ever being anything.'

Smith also had his problems with the previous regime: 'A couple of years ago, we had an industry group see the Shah to let him know how bad the tape piracy business was in Iran. The Shah got all worked up, promised he'd cut off the hands of the offenders. All that happened was that he killed those who pirated Iranian, not American, tapes.'

White House Watch

Two Stories

Here are two stories about Jimmy Carter, that rabbit, and Ambassador Robert Strauss.

AP reporter Brooks Jackson, substituting for long-time White House correspondent Frank Cormier in a weekly White House chatter column, reported on August 29 that "A 'killer rabbit' attacked President Carter on a recent trip to Plains, Georgia. . . . The rabbit . . . was hissing menacingly, its teeth flashing and nostrils flared, and making straight for the President." Carter was said to be in a "a canoe" on a pond. Jackson, a good reporter, said he had the story from a White House assistant who had it straight from Carter. A later report, quoting two unnamed White House assistants, said the President killed the rabbit and, while doing so, "beat the shit out of it." I, as you might expect, have the facts. The encounter occurred last April 20, during Carter's Easter visit to Plains. The Carter family owns land in their native county, Sumter, and in adjoining Webster County.

Carter and the rabbit met on a pond on the family's Webster County farm. Carter values his privacy on his Georgia visits, the standard and exhaustively reported walk through the tortured village of Plains excepted. Press reporters and photographers were kept away during the Easter visit to the Webster County farm. Karl Schumacher, a White House staff photographer, was there. Carter was in a flat-bottom rowboat, not a canoe. Schumacher was on a high bank overlooking the pond. He shot a color photo from Carter's left as Carter splashed water with a paddle at the rabbit. I have seen the photo. It verifies Carter's story to Florida newspaper editors and in an impromptu press conference in Plains that it was just a quiet ol' Georgia rabbit and he shooed it away by splashing water at it with a boat paddle. The photo I saw shows Carter splashing with his paddle at the rabbit and the rabbit, a brownish creature reminiscent of my boyhood rabbits, looking unharmed and very content and swimming placidly about six feet to the stern of Carter's rowboat. Carter said it was swimming to the shore of the pond, and the photograph indicates that this was true. It could have been that other photographs not shown to me had Carter beating the rabbit with the paddle. Schumacher, whom I know and trust, said he took only one picture of Carter and the rabbit. That had to be the photo shown

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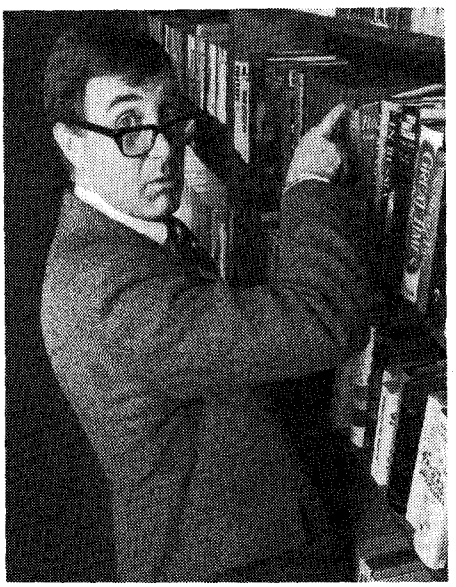

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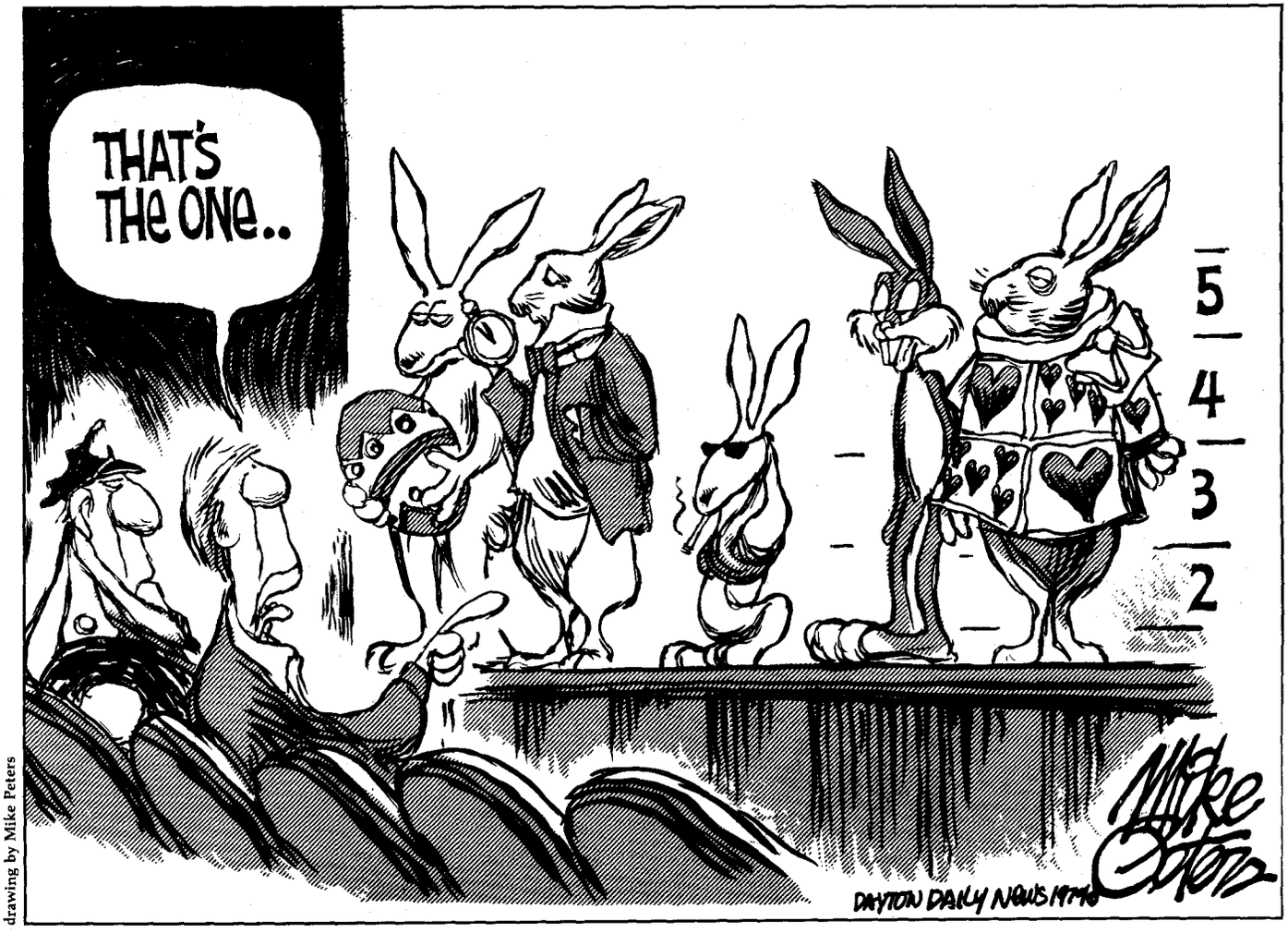
to me. It was an excellent photo, in color. Why Press Secretary Jody Powell didn't release it to the press after the rabbit furor baffles me. He said in answer to my question at one of his news briefings that releasing it would have caused "the rabbit controversy" to continue to obscure more important Carter initiatives such as the windfall profits tax, hospital costs containment, and SALT II treaty ratification. He was wrong. Releasing it, which he and Carter may have sense enough to do when this is read, would settle the undoubtedly widespread supposition that Jimmy beat the shit out of the little beast. Jimmy, remember, is a hunter. The gut instinct of hunters is to kill any wild creature within sight and reach. In this instance, Carter didn't.

When Robert Strauss, a transplanted Texas lawyer and former Democratic party chairman, finished negotiating a new international trade treaty and took on oversight of the US role in Israeli-Egyptian negotiation of Palestinian "autonomy" on the West Bank and in the Gaza Strip, the problem that had to be solved if there was to be a valid peace treaty between Egypt and Israel, he announced at his first press conference at the State Department that *he* was in charge of the operation and responsible only to President Carter. He thus cut out Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and the President's national security assistant, Zbigniew Brzezinski. In the view of such fogies as myself, trouble was instantly indicated. Carter had brought heaps of avoidable trouble upon himself by giving UN Ambassador Andrew Young a similar grant of freedom from subordination to the secretary of state and, in the multiple embarrassments accompanying Young's recent resignation, had suffered the consequences. Strauss thought when he boarded the Air Force presidential mission plane that was to take him to Israel and Egypt not long ago that he was supposed to try out some ideas on Prime Minister Begin and President Sadat and judge the impact on his own. The ideas were intended to make it easier for Palestinians living on the West Bank and exiled from it to join in or at least assent to negotiations aimed at the limited Palestinian "autonomy" suggested in the Begin-Sadat agreements engineered by Carter at Camp David last year and in his journey of salvage to Israel and Egypt last spring.

Enter Robert Hunter—into your notice and onto the Strauss plane at Andrews Air Force Base near Washington. Hunter is youngish, bright, bearded, a National Security Council staffer who until recently dealt with Europe. He was assigned to Middle East affairs just before Strauss took on his Mideast chore. Strauss said the other day that Hunter was assigned to the Middle East "at my request." The NSC story is that Strauss had nothing to do with Hunter's assignment. Strauss and Hunter admire each other. Hunter's continuance in his Mideast spot suggests that the



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strains between Strauss and Brzezinski can't be quite as severe as some news reports indicate. Hunter came to the White House and NSC staff from the foreign affairs staff of Senator Edward Kennedy, a fact into which some people read sinister implications, specifically that Strauss is preparing to jump from Carter to Kennedy if that becomes sensible. Strauss says this is nonsense. He says he expects to stay with Carter all the way.

Anyhow, and to the immediate point, Bob Hunter was called to Brzezinski's office in the West Wing of the White House just before Hunter left to join Strauss for the Mideast trip. Hunter was handed a sealed envelope and told to give it to Strauss. It contained instructions signed "Jimmy Carter." Strauss was and is convinced that the instructions were drafted by Brzezinski. Instead of giving him the freedom to test ideas for some concession to Palestinian sentiment and adjust the US position as the reaction dictated, he was told that he *must* propose a set formula to Begin and Sadat and must not deviate from it. First Begin and then Sadat rejected the formula, for different reasons.

Strauss was outraged by the rigidity of the instructions and expressed his outrage to the two reporters with him on the trip, Bernard Gwertzman of the *New York Times* and William Dwordziak of *Time*. Don Oberdorfer of the *Washington Post*, who was not on the trip, picked up pieces of the story and reported in terms more lurid than Gwertzman later used that Carter's Mideast policy was in even worse "disarray" than the Andy Young flap had indicated. Carter, then on a cruise down the Mississippi River, said after talking to Vance and Brzezinski that the press had "grossly exaggerated" Strauss's complaints. The complaints had if anything been understated. Strauss acknowledged on CBS's "Face the Nation" that he'd made a mistake in sounding off so frankly and vociferously to Gwertzman and Dwordziak. Gwertzman, one of the best foreign affairs reporters in Washington, laid out the gist of Strauss's gripes in a series of reports that could not be questioned. Before Strauss and his party got back to Washington, the central policy issue had been settled. A formula rejected by both Begin and Sadat obviously could not be sustained. Strauss, after meeting with Vance, Brzezinski, and Vice President Mondale, was authorized by Carter to announce that a proposed American resolution at the UN, embodying the formula, was being abandoned.

As a reporter and friend who'd listened to Strauss bemoaning the lack of discipline in the Carter White House, I was appalled by Gwertzman's accounts—later confirmed by Strauss—of his resistance to the sort of discipline that the conduct of foreign policy generally requires. Carter's penchant for creating independent satrapies within the foreign policy establishment is one of his worst faults and may yet cost him his secretary of state. I must say, however, that a rationale that I heard at the White House—not from Strauss—for Carter's grant of autonomy to Strauss in this limited Mideast area makes a certain sense. It follows.

By necessity, but unfortunately, Carter during the Camp David sessions with Sadat and Begin and later on his Mideast trip got himself far more enmeshed in the detail of negotiation than any President should. Why should Begin, Sadat, the Saudis, anybody, fool around with Vance and Brzezinski and subordinates when they could go to the President? Hence Strauss, who was known to have Carter's total confidence and to have, in addition, a clout with Democratic congressmen and politicians that Carter didn't have. Hence, too, Strauss's otherwise puzzling and uncharacteristic bawling from the start of his Mideast assignment that he and not Vance and not Brzezinski was in charge of both policy and practice in this particular sector of the Mideast problem. It all was part of the Carter-Strauss game plan. Until, that is, Strauss got those instructions from Brzezinski's office. They violated, they denied, his understanding of what he was supposed to be doing and of how he was supposed to do it. Since then Strauss has had peace-pipe sessions with Vance (August 29) and a friendly go-round with Carter (September 4). At this writing he is off again to the Middle East. How he stands with Brzezinski is unknown to this reporter, but I have a bracing hunch that it no longer matters much.

John Osborne

It wasn't lying, it was telling the truth.

Andy Young's Undoing

Despite all the official denials, US intelligence officials did know about Andrew Young's "secret" meeting with a PLO representative at the United Nations shortly after it took place and not some two weeks later as the official line claims. The National Security Agency learned about the meeting from its regular telephone and cable "intercepts" of Arab missions at the UN, all of whose codes have long been broken. No one in the US government is supposed to talk about the NSA and what it does, but foreign diplomats in New York and Washington take it for granted that all of their conversations and diplomatic traffic are routinely monitored by the NSA. In addition to PLO representative Zehdi Labib Terzi, there were two other Arab diplomats present at the July 26 meeting: Kuwaiti ambassador Abdullah Yacoub Bishara and Syrian ambassador Hammoud el-Choufi. Their reports on the conversation that evening, quickly relayed to the Beirut headquarters of the PLO and to Damascus and Kuwait, were intercepted by the NSA.

Young infuriated senior US intelligence officials when he told the *New York Times* on August 19 that an official, almost verbatim transcript of his meeting with Terzi had been available in Washington by July 30, just four days after the session took place. The State

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Department had insisted that it knew nothing about the meeting until August 11, when *Newsweek* magazine asked about it. Young, whose resignation was accepted by President Carter on August 15, had been indiscreet. He was not supposed to reveal such secrets. US intelligence officials say that widespread awareness of the NSA and its activities can compromise US intelligence gathering capabilities.

After the *New York Times* published Young's statement that the US government knew almost immediately about his meeting with Terzi, Under Secretary of State Warren Christopher spent most of Sunday, August 19 getting Young to agree to a "denial." Christopher urged Young to admit that no transcript of the meeting circulated in Washington. But Young stubbornly refused, agreeing only that he would no longer comment on the substance of the report. In the end, the best the State Department could say was that Young "would not contradict" the official statement. The statement said: "After a careful check of the records of the State Department and of the United States Mission to the United Nations, we have determined that prior to August 11 there was no account available in the State Department of Ambassador Young's meeting with Mr. Terzi on July 26. There was information available on July 30 that on July 26 a suggestion was made that Ambassador Young meet with Mr. Terzi but not that a meeting had been agreed upon." That may sound like a flat denial, but it was not. One insider familiar with the drafting of official "non-denials" said that the statement had enough holes "to drive a truck through." Young neither confirmed nor denied the statement; he simply kept quiet, as he had agreed.

Young's problems with the State Department began long before his meeting with Terzi. Staid US diplomats regarded Young as a "loose cannon," not always willing to play by their rules. According to reliable department sources, this was certainly the case following the initial leak of his meeting with Terzi. Young told Assistant Secretary of State for International Organizations, William Maynes, the truth about the exact nature of the meeting when first questioned about it on August 11. But the State Department decided to cover up, to inform the public that Young had said his meeting with Terzi was accidental, only a "social" encounter similar to many other previous contacts with the PLO in the corridors of the UN. Even President Carter shook hands with a PLO official during the 1977 General Assembly. That was the precedent necessary to justify subsequent "social encounters." The State Department said that these meetings could not be viewed as "recognition" of or "negotiation" with the PLO, both of which are prohibited by US policy.

The entire matter probably would have blown over if Young—having told his bosses the truth—had gone along with the State Department's lie. Instead, for whatever reason, Young confided to the Israeli ambassador at the UN, Yehuda Blum, that the "official" version was not true, that he had indeed discussed substantive issues with Terzi. Young probably suspected that the Israelis knew the truth anyhow. Once Young officially informed Blum of the truth, Blum was forced to report it to his government. Israel was left with no choice but to lodge an official protest against a violation of earlier US commitments to Israel not to deal with the PLO. If Young had kept his mouth shut, an Israeli source told me, the Israelis would have remained silent. The controversy probably would have remained minor. But once Young told the truth and the Israelis filed their protest, an embarrassed State Department had to issue another "corrected" explanation, admitting that Young had had substantive talks with Terzi. This led to Young's resignation, on the false premise that he had lied when originally asked about the meeting.

This explanation of who knew what when leaves open the question that has arisen in the weeks since August 11: Was Young himself bugged by either the Israelis or his own government? ABC News reported on August 29 that Young's Waldorf Astoria apartment had been bugged by US intelligence and that this is how American officials first learned that Young was planning to meet with Terzi. President Carter personally denied the report, saying that he had checked with the heads of all the various US intelligence agencies, but ABC said it had two sources and refused to admit error.

What makes these charges plausible is that there has been widespread suspicion and hostility toward Young in the American intelligence community, and concern about his "reliability," ever since he was appointed. In private, some intelligence officials even have raised the possibility that the ambassador posed a potential national security threat to the US government. They were most unhappy about some of the company he is said to have kept, especially a few of his earlier associates in the Southern Christian Leadership Conference thought to be former members of the Communist party. Intelligence officers even suspected "lingering associations" with the Russians, according to reliable US and other sources. This is in no way to suggest that Young was a national security risk; it only means that some of the old "pros" in the US intelligence community would have felt more comfortable with another American ambassador at the UN. Some agents at the FBI were naturally suspicious of Young, given his earlier involvement in the civil rights movement and their hostility to it. Young's series of controversial statements fueled the flames of suspicion in the intelligence community, where they were considered "anti-American." That was especially the case following the flap over Young's comparison of American "political prisoners" with those in the Soviet Union.

Meanwhile, ever since the Young-Terzi meeting surfaced, Israel's intelligence service, the Mossad, has

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No More Free Ride... For Union Officials.

Thanks to Harry Beck, American workers no longer have to support unwanted candidates or undesired political causes to keep their jobs.

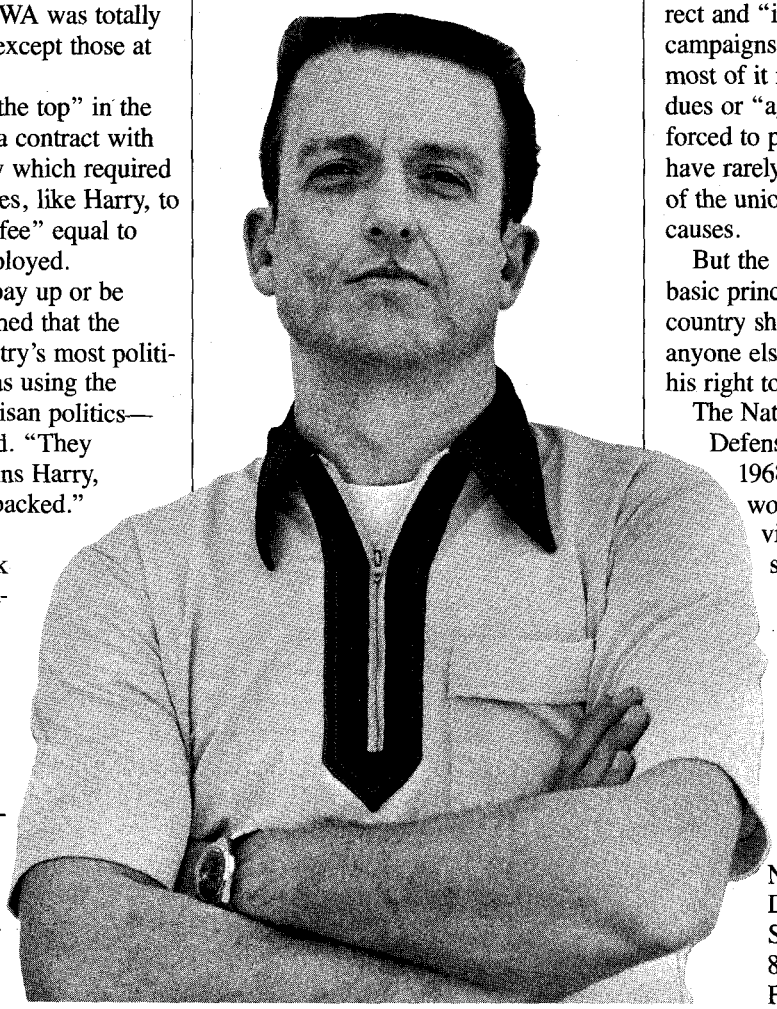
Harry, who was born and grew up in LaPlata, Maryland, has worked for the telephone company for 19 years. He once belonged to the Communications Workers of America union, but resigned "because the CWA was totally impersonal to anyone except those at the top."

However, "those at the top" in the union then negotiated a contract with the telephone company which required all non-union employees, like Harry, to pay CWA an "agency fee" equal to union dues to stay employed.

Harry Beck had to pay up or be fired. But then he learned that the CWA, one of the country's most politically active unions, was using the "agency fees" for partisan politics—and that made him mad. "They backed people," explains Harry, "I just wouldn't have backed."

With the help of the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, suit was brought against the CWA union by Harry and 19 other telephone company workers. And on March 16, 1979, in an historic decision, a Federal court ruled that a union's collecting or spending of compulsory fees for any purpose other than collective bargaining violates the Constitutional rights of employees who object.

It was the first time that a Federal court had declared that union political spending from mandatory "agency fees" is an infringement upon the rights to free speech and association enjoyed by private sector workers.



Similar protection was established for public employees in 1978 in the U.S. Supreme Court decision in *Abood v. Detroit Board of Education* —another case supported by the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation.

The potential impact of the two decisions is enormous. Union officials spend an estimated $100 million in direct and "in-kind" support on political campaigns in a single election year—most of it raised through compulsory dues or "agency fees." The workers forced to pay for this political support have rarely any voice in the selection of the union favored candidates or causes.

But the Beck decision reaffirms the basic principle that no worker in a free country should ever have to support anyone else's politics in order to retain his right to work.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, established in 1968, provides free legal aid to workers whose rights have been violated as a result of compulsory unionism. It is presently supporting more than 100 court cases involving the rights of employees across the nation.

If you'd like to help workers like Harry Beck, we'd like to hear from you.

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received a lot of unfavorable attention in the American news media. First there was the report in the *Atlanta Constitution* that Israel had bugged the Young-Terzi meeting. Then there was a report in *Time* magazine that Israel regularly bugs all Arab missions at the UN. Finally *Newsweek* which first learned of the meeting, reported that "the Israelis routinely spy on their U.S. allies." *Newsweek* hinted that an Israeli source had provided the first information on the Young-Terzi rendezvous.

Newsweek quoted "former CIA agents" and "intelligence experts" as saying that the Mossad has "penetrations all through the U.S. government." It said:

> *with the help of American Jews in and out of government, Mossad looks for any softening in U.S. support, and tries to get technical intelligence the Administration is unwilling to give Israel. 'Mossad can go to any distinguished American Jew and ask for his help,' says a former CIA agent. The appeal is a simple one: when the call went out and no one heeded it, the Holocaust resulted.*

That grave accusation, built on blind quotations, naturally upset Israeli officials, who strongly denied it. Raising the specter of Jewish dual loyalty—to the US and Israel—has long been a staple of the extreme right wing fringe, the John Birchers, the Ku Klux Klan, and the Liberty Lobby. But *Newsweek*? Are Harold Brown, Henry Kissinger, Robert Strauss, and dozens of other former and present senior US officials who happen to be Jewish really potential Israeli spies? Ridiculous. Several strategically placed Jews with access to information that could be very useful to the Israelis insist that they never have been approached by Israeli intelligence. If, in fact, some American intelligence agency had been overzealous in its surveillance work at the UN, the spate of articles about Israeli "espionage" in the US may well be part of a deliberate campaign of disinformation designed to cover up official illegal acts. *Newsweek*, in that case, was an unwitting party in the campaign.

Newsweek did not stop there. "Israel is not likely to use its information against the US, but CIA officials still think Mossad's US operations threaten American security. One intelligence source says that what data the Soviets can't get in the US, 'they steal back from the Israelis.'" That accusation outraged intelligence officials of both Israel and the US. "Israel's intelligence services are probably as secure as—if not more than—our own," one US intelligence official told me. He said the Soviets are much more likely to get American information from the French and the West Germans. US and Israeli intelligence sources could not recall one incident in which important US information in Israeli hands—legitimately or not—was ever compromised.

The US-Israeli intelligence relationship is a paradox. On the one hand, there is extensive cooperation, with information exchanges flowing on both sides. CIA officials in Israel and Mossad agents in the US are "declared" to their host governments, according to an agreement similar to the ones that exist between Washington and other NATO allies. "Almost everything we need from the Americans, we get above board," an Israeli source said. "The same is true on the other side. We would have to be crazy to risk that type of relationship by opening covert operations against each other's government."

At the same time, however, the relationship between the US and Israeli intelligence communities has gone through various stages. During the height of the 1975 US "reassessment" of policy toward Israel, for example, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger reportedly spread the word to "cool it" with Israel. There were discussions in the intelligence community about starting clandestine operations against Israel. After some serious consideration, that idea was dropped.

Today, according to sources on both sides, the relationship is not as good as it used to be. This appears to be the result of serious differences on the major political issues involved in the search for a comprehensive Middle East peace settlement. There are mutual suspicions that the other side may be moving too far, beyond the agreed limits of intelligence operations in each other's country. Both sides have done some foolish things in recent years. The suspicions today are manifested in several ways: when an Israeli diplomat turns on his radio to a rock 'n' roll station during a private meeting in his embassy office; or when a senior US official accompanying President Carter to Jerusalem's King David Hotel passes notes to a visitor, apparently afraid that his room is bugged. Such strange behavior must result from real fears.

Israel's intelligence services are good, but they are not as great as the popular mythology would have us believe. There have been some notable successes, but also some terrible failures—the most painful being the misreading of Egyptian and Syrian intentions on the eve of the 1973 war. "For Israel to be doing a tenth of what the press would have us believe," a US official said last week, "they would need the budget and manpower of the CIA and KGB combined. They just don't have those capabilities." The Israelis are partially to blame for their own bad publicity today because they sometimes glorified their intelligence successes, such as the capture of Adolph Eichmann.

President Carter said in Atlanta on August 30 that there was nothing "abnormal" about Israeli intelligence in the US. "All countries have some form of intelligence operations in other countries," he said. "And it consists of collections of data, interviews with private citizens, perusal of news media, and also some secret devices. But there are boundaries of legitimacy and I think the Israelis honor those boundaries, just as we do." On the next day, Carter dismissed reports that the Israelis had bugged Young's apartment in New York. "There is no way for me to certify to that kind of thing," he said, "but in our key spots—like the Oval Office and the UN ambassador's residence—there is a routine sweep of

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the surreptitious listening devices and my guess is that if any nation should try to bug the telephone or the premises of the UN ambassador, it would be detected quite early and there have been no detections of any such devices."

Wolf Blitzer

Wolf Blitzer is Washington correspondent for the *Jerusalem Post*.

Drug traffic makes it the only country with a negative black market in dollars.

Colombian Gold

The illicit flow of marijuana and cocaine to the United States from Colombia, which is the principal supplier to the American market, is now at an all-time high and still rising. But the Congress in Washington stubbornly denies the Colombians serious help in combating this traffic, and the Carter administration seems too timid to insist on minimally adequate funds.

Illegal drugs from Colombia fetch around $45 billion annually in street sales in the US. But Congress is haggling over whether a maximum of four million dollars or six million dollars, either way an absurdly niggardly sum, should be given to Colombia next year to help buy military and police equipment to try to hold back this avalanche of narcotics. Congress already has done away with a proposal by Representative Benjamin S. Rosenthal, Democrat of New York, for $16 million on the grounds that it was too much. And the Carter administration, which originally requested only a modest $2.2-million program for Colombia, is sitting on its hands.

Considering that the US spends close to one billion dollars annually on drug enforcement in this country, congressional reluctance to go to the roots of the problem—the massive smuggling from Colombia—is a stunning example of penny-wise, pound-foolish budgeting.

To be sure, the Colombian drug traffic to the US is so large and the resources of the narcotics entrepreneurs in both countries are so great, including political clout in Colombia and the ability to acquire tiny Caribbean islets for trans-shipment purposes, that this fantastic business cannot be wholly eradicated so long as the demand for marijuana and cocaine in this country remains at its present high level. But an important dent in the traffic could be made if the Colombian authorities, who only last year began a serious effort to curtail the illegal flow, were better equipped to carry out their operations. What Colombia needs are coast guard vessels, aircraft, helicopters, vehicles, communications gear, and fuel. Clearly these needs cannot be met from the $1.3 million provided by the US in fiscal 1978 and the two million dollars in fiscal 1979.

Colombian president Julio César Turbay Ayala and his defense minister, General Luis Carlos Camacho Leyva, made these complaints to me recently in Bogota. Camacho Leyva has assigned the second brigade of the Colombian army to the anti-drug campaign in northern Colombia although he desperately needs troops to handle leftist guerrilla forces elsewhere in the nation. Both Turbay and Camacho Leyva were also at a loss to understand why the US, with its air and naval might, appears unable to prevent hundreds of smugglers' boats and aircraft from entering American territory with narcotics cargoes.

US Drug Enforcement Administration agents in Colombia (there are only 12 plus one pilot in the whole country) agree with Colombian complaints about insufficient US aid. At the same time, they have no illusions about breaking the back of the overall problem unless the Turbay government manages to smash the politically powerful drug-smuggling networks in Colombia and the Carter administration finds a way of dealing meaningfully with drug-related organized crime groups in the US.

The Colombian government, the DEA, and other law enforcement agencies in the US intercept no more than 10 percent of marijuana and cocaine smuggled—most by sea, but also by air—from Colombia to the US. Marijuana, the "Colombian Gold" (said to be inferior in quality only to the Hawaiian "Koni"), is grown all over Colombia's northern region. Lately new marijuana plantations have sprung up in the south and on the Pacific coast to evade military interdiction campaigns. Cocaine, originating from coca leaf grown in Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador, is shipped to the US through Colombia, where laboratories transform it into paste and powder. The latest addition to Colombian drug exports are fake Quaalude pills, a frequently abused sedative, produced in the country from raw materials brought illegally from Western Europe.

The DEA calculated that 75 percent of US marijuana consumption is currently supplied by Colombia. Mexico has lost its former primacy because of the use of the paraquat herbicide on its fields, something the Colombians will not allow on the grounds that marijuana grows mixed with food crops. This means that close to 20,000 tons of Colombian "grass" is smuggled into America each year. Its street resale price here stands around $24 billion. Over 60,000 pounds of cocaine a year from Colombia, worth more than $22 billion, is also smuggled into the US.

Late in August, the police in Florida seized a 206-pound shipment of uncut cocaine (valued by the DEA at $50 million) in what was described as the biggest bust in US history. It had been flown aboard a twin-engine aircraft from northern Colombia to Florida's Okeechobee county. General Camacho Leyva told me that between last October, when the army campaign

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was launched, and July 1, his forces had seized 75 aircraft (70 of them US registry), 74 vessels (from yachts to shrimp boats), and 268 vehicles used in smuggling. Colombian air force planes shot down five American smugglers' planes in the country's air space after they refused to obey orders to land. The army also detained during that period 1127 Colombians engaged in drug traffic and 188 foreigners (80 percent of whom were Americans). More than 2600 tons of marijuana were seized and 10,200 hectares of plantations were destroyed. But General Camacho Leyva figures that 10 times as many planes and boats and 10 times as much marijuana slipped through his network as were caught. Cocaine, easier to conceal, slipped through at an even higher rate, he thinks.

Colombia faces extremely tough internal problems that can be solved only if the American demand for illegal drugs diminishes. Probably the most severe problem, as I saw it in Colombia, is corruption. General Camacho Leyva fears that his ill-paid troops may succumb to the temptation of bribes freely offered by the smuggler chieftains. In one recent instance, a leading smuggler, moving to the coast with a 20-truck convoy of marijuana, was arrested by an army patrol after the lieutenant in command turned down a sizable bribe. This pleased the defense minister, but he was shocked to discover the next day that the governor of the northern department, where the smuggler had been jailed, immediately ordered his release. Under the circumstances, the general worries that "another lieutenant" may accept a bribe and look the other way.

Then there is the wave of violence sweeping northern Colombia as rival smuggler groups clash. In the nine-month period of its operations in the north, the Colombian army seized 629 weapons and 20,000 rounds of ammunition. And in the coastal town of Santa Maria, once a peaceful resort, there have been 240 drug-related murders in the first four months of 1979.

Colombian and American officials take it for granted that some of the most respectable citizens, families, and institutions in Colombia are involved in the drug traffic in some way. Dollars earned from drug smuggling are "laundered" by Colombian financial institutions in order to be exchanged into pesos; no major drug figure would openly try to exchange his dollar earnings into the national currency at a government bank. Colombia is awash with dollars; some estimates are that at least one billion dollars from the annual traffic stays in the country while additional billions go into foreign accounts of Colombians. Colombia is probably the only country in the world with a "negative black market" in dollars. Colombian banks are reluctant to buy dollars from foreigners at the official rate of about 40 pesos; the alternative is to trade dollars for around 36 pesos on the black market.

President Turbay is concerned that some of the drug money will find its way into future political campaigns in Colombia, jeopardizing the nation's democratic system. This is one reason why he is so anxious to see the US adopt a tougher anti-drug policy. He thinks the US should be equally concerned with the impact of the narcotics flow on its own society, and he does not understand why the Congress is so reluctant to cooperate with him in the battle against drugs.

Tad Szulc

The new cold war establishment convenes in Brussels.

Henry's Nuclear Agenda

Brussels

The Western Alliance has held together for 30 years now, thanks to its members' mutual fear of Soviet military attack. But the 1980s pose major new challenges that the allies need to face, and haven't. One is a heightened military threat. While the United States was preoccupied throughout the 1960s and 1970s with civil rights, Vietnam, and Watergate, and Europe with trade and self-enrichment, the Soviet Union was building itself into a world power which now rivals the West in almost every category of weaponry. The Soviets have always had bigger conventional armies, but now they have superior nuclear forces in Europe and shortly they will enjoy parity (at least) with the US on the strategic nuclear level. Western nations are just beginning to rouse themselves to the danger and to increase defense budgets, but they have not yet decided whether actually to deploy new weapons against the Soviets or try to negotiate with Russia first. Probably the Soviets will remain deterred from directly attacking the West—out of uncertainty, if nothing else—but increasing Soviet military power can be converted into political and bargaining power.

Meanwhile, the West is vulnerable in other places, too. Its main oil sources are located in unstable countries—Iran may shut down again any day now—and its oil tanker routes are only thinly protected. The Soviet navy is expanding its activity in the Indian Ocean, and the Soviets are gaining influence in troubled nations along its coasts. There is no concerted Western strategy for countering this threat. There also is no concerted strategy for protecting the Western economy from the price depredations of the oil producers. If their economies are weakened, will the US and Europe buy the weapons they need to defend themselves? Europe has shown it is willing to adjust its foreign policies to appease the Arab oil producers. What would it do if the Soviets gained control of the oil? The Soviets may attack China or intervene in Yugoslavia once Tito dies. They and the Cubans surely will continue making inroads, militarily and politically, in the third world. The West has no concerted strategies for dealing with these challenges either.

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With a fine sense for the drift of world events, Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies scheduled a conference in Brussels over the Labor Day weekend to discuss these multiple dilemmas. The conference was titled "NATO: The Next 30 Years," and perhaps appropriately (but, still, disappointingly) it concentrated heavily on the military challenges to the Alliance, giving limited attention to other vulnerabilities that are perhaps even more serious. The 100 or so American and European conferees—defense intellectuals, diplomats, parliamentarians, generals, academics, and journalists—were caught up immediately in the thrall of their conference co-chairman, former secretary of state Henry Kissinger, whose keynote address seemed to strike at one of the fundamental premises of Western unity: the willingness of the United States to use nuclear weapons in Europe's defense.

Kissinger's message was such a shock that it became the center of conference debate. Not incidentally, Kissinger became the conference's central character, and he manipulated it, with razzle-dazzle and some sleight-of-hand, to enhance both his international reputation and his influence in the US. Though his methods were not always the most upright, Kissinger performed the useful purpose of scaring Europeans at the conference to work as hard as they can to get their government to accept new nuclear weapons on European soil. He also created new pressure on the Carter administration to draw up a five-year defense plan to suit his specifications. Though holding no office, Kissinger wants to define the terms of a new bipartisan foreign policy consensus in the US. After the 1980 elections, presumably, he wants to run US foreign policy again, and with it, the Western Alliance.

Kissinger's opening message was that the West's ability to deter Soviet attack is failing at all levels—conventional, theater nuclear, and strategic. At the conventional level, the West has never had the power to be sure of stopping a Soviet ground invasion. But now, Kissinger said, not only are the Soviets ahead in theater nuclear weapons, but the US may be unwilling to use strategic nuclear weapons in Europe's defense. Having built its nuclear arsenal in keeping with the strategy of assured destruction—that is, of being able to destroy Soviet cities in retaliation for an attack on the US—the US now is unable to respond to an attack on Europe (or a crisis elsewhere) by threatening to destroy Russia's missiles in their silos, Kissinger said. If the US did attack Soviet cities, the Soviets could devastate American cities in return. In the event of crisis or war, Kissinger said, "I ask any of you around this conference table, if you were secretary of state or security adviser, what you would recommend to the president of the United States to do in such circumstances. How would he improve his relative military position? Of course, he could threaten a full-scale strategic response, but will he do it? Is it a realistic course?"

Kissinger obviously implied that it was not a realistic course and that the president wouldn't do it. But NATO's unity has been based for 30 years on the premise that the United States would do it—would, in other words, treat an attack on Europe as an attack on the United States. In 1962 Charles DeGaulle decided the US never would risk losing New York to save Paris and declared that France would go its own way in defense. The other allies have constantly asked the United States for reassurance on the point and received it. Now Kissinger seemed to be retracting it. "I have sat around the NATO council table in Brussels and elsewhere," Kissinger said, "and have uttered the magic words [that the US military commitment remained undiminished] which had a profoundly reassuring effect, and which permitted the [allied] ministers to return home with a rationale for not increasing defense expenditures. And my successors have uttered the same reassurances. And yet if my analysis is correct, these words cannot be true, and if my analysis is correct we must face the fact that it is absurd to base the strategy of the West on the credibility of the threat of mutual suicide. . . . And therefore I would say, which I might not say in office, the European allies should not keep asking us to multiply strategic assurances that we cannot possibly mean or if we do mean, we should not want to execute because if we execute, we risk the destruction of civilization."

Only a few officials of the Carter administration attended the conference—none very high-ranking, for this was primarily a Republican government-in-exile show—but one former official leaped to vigorous defense of US resolve and dependability. "I think statements about the death of extended deterrence are premature," he said, "and I was stunned that Henry Kissinger would make them. I've never heard any serious discussion in the US government that we wouldn't use nuclear weapons in Europe's defense. If others were living a lie [in reassuring our allies] let them say so. We took our commitment seriously, and the Russians take it seriously."

This former official and others (conference rules forbade naming speakers in executive sessions) also argued that US nuclear strategy has never been based solely on mutual assured destruction (MAD, to its enemies) of cities. Soviet military installations have long been targets of US missiles, they said, and the Carter administration is building the MX land-based missile, the Trident 2 sea-based missile and slow-flying cruise missiles. When the 200-missile, 2000-warhead MX force is deployed, after 1986, the US arguably will be able to destroy all the Soviet Union's land-based missiles in a first strike.

This US counterforce capability worries arms control advocates, who say that the strategy of trying to fight and win nuclear wars—as opposed to deterring them—is madder than MAD. But the conference in Brussels was dominated by people who think that the years between now and MX's deployment in 1986 constitute a

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"window of peril" during which the Soviets can invade or blackmail the West, with the US powerless to do much about it.

In his opening speech, Kissinger implied that the window was open wide and that Russia could come flying through at will. But on returning from France, Kissinger changed his tune. "I did not say, I did not mean to imply," he said, "that the American nuclear umbrella will no longer be available for Europe." What he had said, he said, was that for most of the postwar period, the US had enjoyed nuclear superiority over the Soviets and that for the latest part of it, the US still had appeared superior, but that by the early 1980s it would no longer have the clear upper hand. The US and NATO face the challenge between now and then, he said, of devising an alternative to nuclear strategies based on killing civilians.

This Kissinger quick switch seemed of a piece with prior reverses in his strategic positions. In his opening speech, in fact, Kissinger admitted that one reason for US failure to match the Soviet buildup was "the growth of a school of thought to which I, myself, contributed, and many around this conference table also contributed, which considered that strategic stability was a military asset and in which the amazing theory developed that vulnerability contributed to peace and invulnerability contributed to the risks of war." His confession of error before the conference surprised some delegates almost as much as what he said—or seemed to say—about US nuclear reliability.

Though some critics accuse Kissinger of acting out of pure self-aggrandizement, I think he has some larger goals, too, and achieves them. He seems to believe that the more prestige he acquires, and the more drama he can create, the more power he can generate on behalf of projects he favors. Undeniably, he put starch into Europeans on behalf of theater nuclear forces. The Carter administration bungled the decision whether to deploy neutron warheads in Europe as a counter to Soviet tank superiority, but it is committed to deploying medium-range missiles and (once SALT II's protocol expires after 1982) cruise missiles. Kissinger wants to make sure the Carter administration does not falter in its commitment, and also wants to influence skittish European governments to allow the weapons on their soil. A NATO decision on the issue is scheduled for December.

England is willing to accept the new weapons, but Germany insists that some other continental country take them, too. Those nations are not lining up. Some Europeans want to talk to the Soviet Union first, hoping to trade nonexistent Western missiles against Soviet SS-20S—100 of which are already deployed, with three warheads each and ranges long enough to hit any European city or military target. The Allies obviously should build first, and fast, and talk later, if at all. If they wait, the Russians will be pleased to negotiate forever. This would delay the weapons indefinitely, while Soviet power increases. There was strong sentiment at the conference for the view that NATO theater weapons should not be conceived of as a match for the SS-20 but should be deployed to ensure that Europe can stop a Soviet conventional attack. Kissinger and many Europeans were adamant on the point that the United States should in no way extend the SALT II protocol when it officially expires, no matter what the Soviets offer in trade during SALT II negotiations.

Kissinger continues to say that the West can meet its strategic defense needs and also go through with the SALT II treaty. But he believes the Carter administration isn't doing enough yet to meet the terms he has set down for his SALT support. The administration is getting ready to ask for a three percent defense budget increase, after inflation, for the next fiscal year. But Kissinger wants the administration to draw up a full new five-year plan, complete with strategic theories and budget agendas. He is not very specific about what should be in the plan that the administration is not already pushing, but apparently he wants to ensure that the administration actually lives up to its promises after SALT is safely passed by the Senate. Kissinger held forth the possibility that the SALT debate could form the basis for a "bipartisan consensus" not only on nuclear weapons, but on how American deals with the Soviet Union. It is a remarkable proposal for an election year, especially in view of the intensity of Republican attacks against Carter foreign policy.

It is hard to take one's eyes off this man Kissinger; he is a fascinating power machine. It was difficult for the Brussels conference, too, to come to terms with any NATO problems but those on Kissinger's agenda. One of these was the possibility of improving NATO conventional strength to the point that nuclear weapons would not be needed to deter or stop a Soviet attack, even though they consider themselves more humane than the Communists, the NATO allies—largely for budgetary reasons—have always based their strategy on using nuclear weapons to deter a Soviet attack. Intriguing suggestions have been made for establishing large, fast-mobilization reserve armies in NATO Europe—akin to those in Switzerland, Sweden, and Israel—to provide a powerful conventional force. But there wasn't much time to talk about this in Brussels.

Neither did the conferees get very far with the problems of oil dependency and defense of the oil routes, which may be the most critical issue facing the alliance. It did seem agreed that NATO itself couldn't and shouldn't expand its official boundaries to include the Persian Gulf. The Europeans, even though they are more dependent on the Gulf than the US is, are quite content to let the US be responsible for protecting their oil without their paying any more for European defense.

Morton Kondracke

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Lord Mountbatten didn't die for *your* sins.

The Seven Deadly Sins of Terrorism

by Paul Johnson

The wrong approach to terrorism is to see it as one of many symptoms of a deep-seated malaise in our society, part of a pattern of violence that includes juvenile delinquency, rising crime rates, student riots, vandalism, and football hooliganism, and that can be attributed to the shadow of the H-bomb, rising divorce rates, inadequate welfare services, and poverty. This analysis usually ends in the meaningless and defeatist conclusion that society itself is to blame: "We are all guilty."

International terrorism is not part of a general human problem. It is a specific and identifiable problem on its own. And because it is specific and identifiable, because it can be isolated from the context that breeds it, it is a remediable problem. That is the first point to get clear.

To say it is remediable is not to underestimate the size and danger of the problem. On the contrary: it is almost impossible to exaggerate the threat that terrorism poses for our civilization. As the murder of Lord Mountbatten and 21 others by the Provisional IRA has reminded us, the threat is more immediate—and therefore in a sense more serious—than the risk of nuclear war, the population explosion, global pollution, or the exhaustion of the earth's resources. These dangers to our civilization can be, are being, or have been, contained. The threat of terrorism is not being contained. Quite the reverse. It is increasing steadily, and one reason why it constitutes such a grave and growing threat is that very few people in the civilized world—governments and parliaments, TV and newspapers, the public generally—take terrorism seriously enough.

Most people, lacking an adequate knowledge of history, tend to underestimate the fragility of a civilization. They do not appreciate that civilizations fall as well as rise. Civilizations can be, and have been, destroyed by malign forces. In our recoverable history there have been at least three dark ages. One occurred in the third millenium BC and smashed the civilization of the Egyptian Old Kingdom, the culture that built the pyramids. Another occurred toward the end of the second millenium BC and destroyed Mycenaean Greece, Minoan Crete, the Hittite Empire, and much else. We are more familiar with the third, which destroyed the Roman Empire in the West in the fifth century AD. It took Europe 800 years to recover, in terms of organization, technical skills, and living standards, from that disaster. There was a common factor in all these great catastrophes. They occurred when the spread of metals technology and the availability of raw materials enabled the forces of barbarism to equal or surpass the civilized powers in the quality and quantity of their weapons. For in the last resort, civilization stands or falls not by covenants, but by the sword.

Edward Gibbon wrote at the end of his great book, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*: "The savage nations of the globe are the common enemies of civilized society, and we may well inquire with anxious curiosity whether Europe is still threatened with a repetition of those calamities which formerly oppressed the arms and institutions of Rome." Writing in the 1780s, on the threshold of the industrial revolution, Gibbon thought he could answer his own question with a reasonably confident negative. He rightly estimated the strength of the civilized world to be increasing, and he believed the scientific and rational principles on which that strength was based were becoming more firmly established with every year that passed.

Now, nearly 200 years later, we cannot be so sure. The principles of objective science and human reason, the notion of the rule of law, the paramountcy of politics over force, are everywhere undergoing a fierce and purposeful challenge. The forces of savagery and violence that constitute this challenge are becoming bolder, more numerous, and, above all, better armed. The arms available to terrorists, their skills, and, not least, the organizational techniques with which they deploy these weapons and skills, are all improving at an accelerating rate—a rate much faster than the countermeasures available to civilized society.

Take the example most recently in the news: Northern Ireland. The Provisional IRA and the left-wing Marxist terrorist group, INLA, are now killing members of the security forces at the rate of 10 a month. The last time the security forces killed a terrorist was November 1978. There are two reasons for this. The first is the replacement of the old amateurish IRA structure by what the BBC defense correspondent calls "a modern clandestine force, well-organized and well-equipped, with a classic cellular structure which is strong and almost impossible to penetrate or break." The second is that the range and quality of weapons now used by Irish terrorists are becoming very formidable. The quality of this

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weaponry and organization was vividly demonstrated on August 27. In this theater, at least, barbarism is winning ground from civilization.

These menacing improvements in terrorism have been brought about by the international availability of terrorist support, supply, and training services. Terrorism is no longer a purely national phenomenon, which can be destroyed at national level. It is an international offensive—an open and declared war against civilization itself—which can only be defeated by an active alliance of the civilized powers. The impact of terrorism—not merely on individuals, not merely on single nations, but on humanity as a whole—is intrinsically evil. It is so for a number of demonstrable reasons—what I call the seven deadly sins of terrorism.

First, terrorism is the deliberate and cold-blooded exaltation of violence over all forms of political activity. The modern terrorist employs violence not as a necessary evil, but as a desirable form of action. There is a definite intellectual background to the present wave of terrorism. It springs not only from the Leninist and Trotskyist justification of violence, but from the postwar philosophy of violence derived from Nietzsche through Heidegger, and widely popularized by Sartre, his colleagues, and disciples. No one since 1945 has influenced young people more than Sartre and no one has done more to legitimize violence on the left. It was Sartre who adapted the linguistic techniques, common in German philosophy, of identifying certain political arrangements as the equivalent of "violence," thus justifying violent correctives or responses. In 1962 he said: "For me the essential problem is to reject the theory according to which the left ought not to answer violence with violence."

Some of those influenced by Sartre went much further—notably Franz Fanon. His most influential work, *Les Damnés de la Terre*, which has a preface by Sartre, has probably played a bigger part in spreading terrorism in the third world than any other tract. Violence is presented as liberation, a fundamental Sartrean theme. For a black man, writes Sartre in his preface, "to shoot down a European is to kill two birds with one stone, to destroy an oppressor and the man he oppresses at the same time." By killing, the terrorist is born again—free. Fanon preached that violence is a necessary form of social and moral regeneration for the oppressed. "Violence alone," he writes, "violence committed by the people, violence organized and educated by its leaders, makes it possible for the masses to understand social truths and gives the key to them." The notion of "organized and educated violence," conducted by elites, is the formula for terrorism. Fanon goes further: "At the level of individuals, violence is a cleansing force. It frees the oppressed from his inferiority complex and from his despair and inaction."

It is precisely this line of thought, that violence is positive and creative, that enables the terrorists to perform the horrifying acts for which they are responsible. The same argument—almost word for word—was used by Hitler, who repeated endlessly, "Virtue lies in shedding blood." Hence the first deadly sin of terrorism is the moral justification of murder not merely as a means to an end but for its own sake.

The second deadly sin is the deliberate suppression of the moral instincts in man. Terrorist organizers have found that it is not enough to give their recruits intellectual justifications for murder: the instinctive humanity in us all has to be systematically blunted, or else it rejects such sophistry. In the Russia of the 1870s and 1880s, the Neznavhalie terror groups favored what is called "motiveless terror" and regarded any murder as a "progressive action." Once indiscriminate terror is adopted, the group rapidly suffers moral disintegration—indeed the abandonment of any system of moral criteria becomes an essential element in its training. The point is brilliantly made in Dostoevsky's great anti-terrorist novel, *The Possessed*, by the diabolical Stavrogin, who argues that the terror group can be united only by fear and moral depravity: "Persuade four members of the circle to murder a fifth," he says, "on the excuse that he is an informer, and you will at once tie them all up in one knot by the blood you have shed. They will be your slaves." This technique is undoubtedly used by some terror groups today. In these, women recruits are subjected to repeated rapes, or forced to take part in communal acts of sexual depravity, to anesthetize moral reflexes and to prepare them for the gross travestying of their natures that their future "duties" will entail. The theory is based on the assumption that neither man nor woman can be an effective terrorist as long as he or she retains the moral elements of a human personality. The second deadly sin of terrorism is a threat not merely to civilization but to humanity as such.

The third deadly sin is the rejection of politics as the normal means by which communities resolve conflicts. To terrorists, violence is not a political weapon, to be used *in extremis:* it is a substitute for the entire political process. The Arab terrorists, the IRA, the Bader-Meinhof gang, the Red armies or brigades in Japan, Italy, and elsewhere have never shown any desire to engage in the democratic political process. They reject the notion that violence is a technique of last resort, to

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be adopted only if all other attempts to obtain justice have failed. In doing so, they reject the mainstream of civilized thought, based, like so much of our political grammar, on the social-contract theorists of the 17th century. Hobbes and Locke rightly treated violence as the antithesis of politics, a form of action characteristic of the archaic realm of the state of nature. They saw politics as an attempt to create a tool to avoid barbarism and make civilization possible: politics makes violence not only unnecessary but unnatural to civilized man. Politics is an essential part of the basic machinery of civilization, and in rejecting politics, terrorism seeks to make civilization unworkable.

Terrorism, however, is not neutral in the political battle. It does not, in the long run, tend toward anarchy: it tends toward despotism. The fourth deadly sin of terrorism is that it actively, systematically, and necessarily assists the spread of the totalitarian state. The countries that finance and maintain the international infrastructure of terrorism—that give terrorists refuge and havens, training camps and bases, money, arms, and diplomatic support as a matter of deliberate state policy—are, without exception, despotic states. The governments of all these states rule by military and police power. The notion that terrorism is opposed to the "repressive forces" in society is false—indeed, it is the reverse of the truth. International terrorism, and the various terrorist movements it services, is entirely dependent on the continuing good will and active support of police states.

Which brings us to the fifth deadly sin. International terrorism poses no threat to the totalitarian state. That kind of state can always defend itself by judicial murder, preventive arrest, torture of prisoners and suspects, and complete censorship of terrorist activities. It does not have to abide by the rule of law or any other consideration of humanity or morals. Terrorism can only get a foothold in a state where the executive is under some kind of restraint, legal, democratic, and moral. The shah's regime in Iran was overthrown—and terrorists played a central part in that operation—not because it was ruthless but because it hesitated to be ruthless. The effect of such terrorist victories is not the expansion but the contraction of freedom and law. Iran is now a totalitarian state, where the rule of law no longer exists, and a state from which terrorists can operate safely and with active official assistance. Hence, the fifth deadly sin is that terrorism distinguishes between lawful and totalitarian states in favor of the latter. It can destroy a democracy, as it destroyed Lebanon, but it cannot destroy a totalitarian state.

The base of terrorism is in the totalitarian worlds—that is where its money, training, arms, and protection come from. But at the same time, it can only operate effectively in the freedom of a liberal civilization. Terrorists are the advance scouts of the totalitarian armies. The sixth deadly sin of terrorism is that it exploits the apparatus of freedom in liberal societies, and thereby endangers it.

In meeting the threat of terrorism, a free society must arm itself. But that very process of arming itself against the danger within threatens the freedoms, decencies, and standards that make the society civilized. Terrorism is a direct and continuous threat to all the protective devices of a free society. It is a threat to the freedom of the press and TV. It is a threat to the rule of law, necessarily damaged by emergency legislation and special powers. It is a threat to *habeas corpus*, to the process of humanizing the legal code and civilizing our prisons. It is a threat to any system to curb excesses by the police or prison authorities or any other restraining force in society.

Yet the seventh deadly sin of terrorism operates, paradoxically, in the reverse direction. A free society that reacts to terrorism by invoking authoritarian methods necessarily damages itself. But an even greater danger—and a much more common one today—is that free societies, in their anxiety to avoid authoritarian excesses, *fail* to arm themselves against the terrorist threat, and so abdicate their responsibility to uphold the law. The terrorists succeed when they provoke oppression, but they triumph when they are met with appeasement. The seventh and deadliest sin of terrorism is that it saps the will of a civilized society to defend itself. We have seen it happen. We find governments negotiating with terrorists—negotiations aimed not at destroying or disarming the terrorists, for such negotiations may sometimes be necessary, but negotiations whose natural and inevitable result is to concede part of the terrorists' demands. We find governments providing ransom money to terrorists, or permitting private individuals to provide ransom money, even assisting in the process whereby such funds reach terrorist hands. We find governments releasing convicted criminals in response to terrorist demands; according terrorists the status, rights, and advantages, and above all the legitimacy, of negotiating partners. We find governments conceding to terrorist convicts the official and privileged status of political prisoners, always a major blunder and a surrender. We find government surrendering to demands—an invariable part of terrorist strategy—for official inquiries, or international investigations, into alleged ill-treatment of terrorist suspects or convicts. We find newspapers and TV networks—often, indeed, state TV networks—placing democratic governments and the terrorists on a level of moral equality. We find governments failing, time and again, in their duty to persuade the public that terrorists are not misguided politicians. They are criminals. They are extraordinary criminals, indeed, in that they pose a threat not merely to the individuals they murder without compunction but to the whole fabric of society, but criminals just the same.

In short, the seventh and deadliest sin of terrorism is its attempt to induce civilization to commit suicide.

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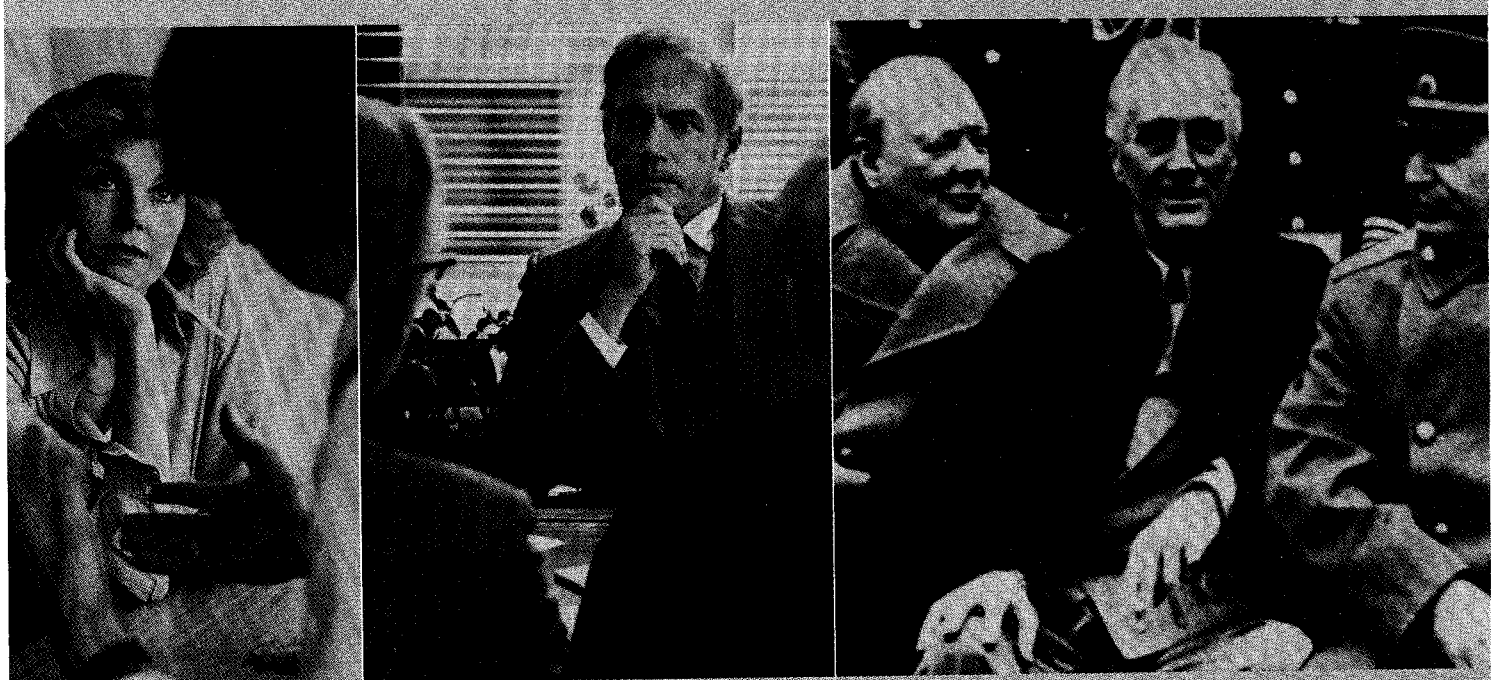

The listening problem affects us all: Man and woman. Businessman and businessman. Even country and country.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Coppola's War

When I read three years ago that Vittorio Storaro had been chosen as the cinematographer for *Apocalypse Now*, I was shocked. Storaro, the lush *Vogue*-style photographer of *Last Tango in Paris* and *The Conformist*, for a picture that was being billed as the definitive epic about Vietnam! But, as it turns out, the fine moments in Francis Coppola's film depend heavily on what Storaro can do for them.

Because *Apocalypse Now*, despite Coppola's claims for its moral stature, despite its simplistic relation to Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, is at its best in delivering the *texture* of the first freaked-out, pill-popping, rock-accompanied war. For the American forces, Vietnam seems to have been divided pretty much between military virtuosi, grateful for any chance to exercise their skills, and most of the troops, who never believed in anything except the possibility of being killed, who were tormented by fear and pointlessness into rank barbarities and new pits of racism. Pinched between a growing antiwar movement at home and an unwinnable war in front of them, they suffered; and their suffering was often transmuted into gross slaughter, into drugging, into hysterical hilarity set to music. It's this wild psychedelic war, much more a jungle discotheque with butchery than face-in-the-mud naturalism, that Coppola understands and renders well. And for this splashy fantasy on a war that was hideously fantastic, Storaro's boutique eye is perfect.

Last month in London I was interviewed for a BBC program about Vietnam films, and I was asked about the effect of TV coverage on the making of fiction films about Vietnam. I forget what I answered, but I remembered the question during *Apocalypse Now*, which I didn't see until I came home. The film libraries are full of newsreel footage of this century's bloodshed, but Vietnam was the first living-room war (in Michael Arlen's phrase). I think that Coppola, together with John Milius, co-author of the screenplay, anticipated the BBC question and decided that the picture had to be something other in texture than representation, had to lift past what TV had made familiar. This is a trip film, an acid war. Storaro was the right choice.

Everything that tends toward this aim is superb. A helicopter attack on a Cong village at a delta, in which the planes broadcast both "The Ride of the Valkyries" and napalm, after which some of the victors go surfing, after which one 'copter drops a river patrol boat into position for a journey upstream; a sudden encounter up that river with a USO girlie revue in a huge amphitheater surrounded by giant phallic missiles; a lighted bridge like a misplaced festival; the boat crew's nervous destruction of a family on a sampan; the arrival of the patrol boat at its destination, a temple deep in the jungle, gliding in between canoes filled with silent white-daubed natives in a scene that marries the archetypal jungle-princess movie to the Babylon sequence in *Intolerance*—these, and more like them, show Coppola at his height. He likes size, and he can use it. Of course it can be argued that other American directors, given $30 million to pour, might also produce scenes of sweep and flourish, and Coppola surely couldn't have done it without money. But, in this regard at least, he uses the money well, to give himself the orchestrated crowds, the immense vistas, the stunning juxtapositions that lie aptly to his talent, to his apparent sense that the world is seen most truthfully when it is seen as spectacle.

Where Coppola is short is in thought. He stumbles when he thinks, when he thinks he's thinking. His most wholly successful film, *The Conversation*, faltered in its idea-structure. *The Godfather*, both parts, was strongest in its execution (also its executions), not in its adolescent implication of analogy between the Mafia and corporate capitalism. In *Apocalypse Now* the attempts to dramatize private moral agony and general moral abyss are disjointed, assumptive, weak.

The very first sequence is discouraging. The protagonist, Captain Willard, is seen close-up and upside down, then bits and pieces of his Saigon hotel room are filtered in, like a record-album-cover montage. He's drunk and drinking, he smashes a mirror with his fist. He starts his voice-over narration (written by Michael Herr, author of the admirable *Dispatches*, and surprisingly flatulent). The symbols of disorder are stale; any union in anguish between us and him is missed from the start. From that point on, his moral pilgrimage is fabricated while his physical pilgrimage is vivid.

Willard, who has done jobs like this before, is given a top-secret mission: to proceed up country and "terminate" Colonel Kurtz, a brilliant Green Beret officer who has gone imperially egomaniacal and murderous. On Willard's journey up river, the boat is attacked first by machine gun, then by arrows, then by spear. The message—we're burrowing down layer by layer—is too patent to affect us. Politically, too, the film is empty, but then it doesn't have much political ambition. What it

Films Worth Seeing

Breaking Away. Class barriers in small-town America, plus adolescent fantasies. Bright dialogue lifts it above sitcom.

North Dallas Forty. The grunt and greed of pro football players. Weak when it moralizes, strong when it curses and sweats.

The Seduction of Joe Tynan. A corny armature (wife and professional woman vie for man's love), but the material—the political life of an ambitious young senator—is good.

Woyzeck. Klaus Kinski is too extraordinary for Büchner's pioneer Common Man maddened by his victimized life, still he grips. Werner Herzog directed with an eye for space and an ear for silence.

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wants is to be a moral allegory, like its Conradian model, and there it fizzles completely. Unlike Conrad, the experiences along the way do not knit toward a final episode of revelation, throwing retrospective light. No theme is developed. The film is a string of set-pieces, through which we are teased with advance data about an eccentric who turns out to be more or less what we expect.

This Kurtz is just a literature-lacquered version of the arch-villain in *Superman* or the James Bond scripts: a mastermind who has seen through the spurious niceties of human behavior. This Kurtz was a top officer with every chance to go higher, who at 38 opted to become a paratrooper, ostensibly because (like T. E. Lawrence) he wanted to take hard ways, to test himself. Yet this lover of the knife-edge has only recently discovered that war is horrible. The turning point came for him after he led some men into a village to inoculate children against polio. The VC slithered in after he had left and cut off the inoculated arms of all the children. (Note: a number of Vietnam War authorities objected to the Russian roulette in *The Deer Hunter* because they knew no basis for it in fact. Is there any basis for this inoculation story? If not, what's holding up the experts' objections? The fact that, in this film, we also see Americans murdering Vietnamese?) It seems a bit late in Kurtz's day for him to become, like Camus's Caligula, a murderer as a defense against the horrors of murder everywhere.

Kurtz's quotations from Conrad and from Eliot (who quoted Conrad) are glib attempts to enlarge him. His own dialogue is larded with what I'd call sound-track profundities. "You have the right to kill me," he tells Willard, "you have no right to judge me." Try that on your piano.

As with the quotations, Coppola tries to deepen the picture, literally, with deep sound. Over and over again, the score hits ultra-low notes—made electronically or with an organ?—that shake the theater like Sensurround—an aural caricature of the picture's frantic failed ambition to delve.

Marlon Brando, as Kurtz, is bald in several ways, shorn of hair and power, posturing and pompous. Martin Sheen, the Willard, who has given good performances in the past, is utterly inadequate here. It's as if a filling-station attendant had been sent on this mission. Even the redoubtable Robert Duvall is pallid as the crazy helicopter commander, and not always comprehensible. What's worse, in his old-style cavalry hat, Duvall looks like Truman Capote at a costume party.

Apocalypse Now ultimately reduces to the story of a special-services assassin sent to kill a grander assassin; with a décor of eye-filling adventures along the way; but with nothing at the end except that, just as predicted, the victim is an inflated lunatic. What moral experience is in it for Willard? None. (After he kills Kurtz, there's a slight hint that he might himself take over this Doré kingdom, but it passes.) What moral insight is given into the Vietnam War? None. Coppola and Milius simply clung to the framework of their great model hoping that it would aggrandize their film the way they hoped that quotations would aggrandize Kurtz.

Hollywood's newest melodrama.

The Lives of the Stars

by Mark Crispin Miller

We may have a lot to learn about watching movies, but we're very good at seeing through them. People know how to jeer at the old-fashioned propaganda turned out by Hollywood for nearly half a century, from D. W. Griffith's (racist) *Birth of a Nation* in 1915 to Doris Day's (sexist) comedies of the early 1960s. "It is, generally, a bad time for illusions," writes Mickey Rooney, brooding over the disappearance of "nice clean movies" and "the illusion of the great star." Most would agree, but not mournfully. Having had our consciousness raised over the past 15 years, we are proud enough of our awakening to shrug off all our naive dreams.

For example, it is now doubted that a lot of wishing and a little struggling invariably pay off. (The success of *Rocky* is only a fluke.) According to the old movies, success always comes to the peppy and the resolute. Those kids in the chorus get that billious entrepreneur to lighten up and tap his feet, and so it's on to Broadway! That earnest lawyer-fella touches the hearts of decent folks all over, and so it's on to the White House! While artists usually succumb to the agonies of Genius, inventors, athletes, scientists, and businessmen, people with a Great Gift or a Great Idea, end up quickly vindicated and beloved, looking benevolent in powdered hair.

At the same time, many movies dramatized the sorrows of the wealthy, as if to assure us that we were better off as we were—with the sun in the morning and the moon at night and a diet of Spam. Throughout the Depression, the movies implied that money was poison, that only regular folks knew how to have fun, that the rich and their lackeys seemed faintly European, or worse. And in later films like *Caught*, *Humoresque*, *Young Man with a Horn*, and *A Place in the Sun*, among others, a humble person's romance with someone wealthier leads straight to disaster. Although the travails of the rich continue to provide Americans with a vindictive thrill, class conflict is no longer part of the story. When we see a bunch of stuffed shirts vexed by some happy-go-lucky man of the people, we sense that the moment is old-fashioned, as in *Heaven Can Wait* (based on *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*, 1941) or *Hair* (which alludes heavily to *Hallelujah I'm a Bum*, 1933). (The success of these recent films is probably a fluke.)

From the 1940s through the early 1960s, the movies taught that women who worked in office buildings were always sad. Whether boss or secretary, the working woman continually fought the melancholy of life without a man. The secretary was a little better off, since she at least could serve the guy of her dreams, concealing her adoration under brisk efficiency. The female executive was far more wretched. She had to strain to seem commanding, like an adolescent knowing that his voice might crack at any moment. Her employees were always handsome men, strolling into her office, leaning on her desk, every suave phrase really meaning: "How about it?" After fighting these assaults for a while with clipped retorts and starchy looks, she would finally give in, loosen her collar, let down her hair, and murmur "Darling!" in the arms of her rightful master.

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The same dilemma was frequently played out "backstage," as *chanteuses* and actresses slowly went to pieces over the lure of the spotlight. These movies all told cautionary tales, drawn from "real life," of girls gone wrong: in *Jeanne Eagels*, *The Helen Morgan Story*, *Where Love Has Gone* (about Lana Turner), *Funny Girl* and *Rose of Washington Square* (Fanny Brice), *Love Me or Leave Me* (Ruth Etting), *Too Much Too Soon* (Diana Barrymore) and *Lady Sings the Blues* (Billie Holliday), women who perform for a living end up painfully attached to various creeps and hoodlums, presumably because the nice guys go to those sensible girls who turn in their greasepaint or stay home from the office. In these sad stories, the only alternative to wedded bliss is self-destruction through drugs, alcohol, bad company, or all three. The suspicion that female performers lead wicked lives is apparently, after nearly 400 years, a thing of the past. (The success of *Lady Sings the Blues* is surely a fluke. And if *The Rose*, a forthcoming movie based on Janis Joplin's life, becomes a hit, that too will be a fluke.)

While American women vainly fought their biological imperative, their European sisters knew better. The European heroine would never button up her femininity in man-tailored tweed (unless, like Dietrich, she meant to be outrageous), nor could she be deluded by her passion for the stage. Occasionally some "Russian" woman, played by Greta Garbo (*Ninotchka*) or Hedy Lamarr (*Comrade X*), might forget her tender feelings and spout a lot of commie hogwash, but such ideological corruption was unusual (and short-lived). The European woman Lived for Love. The insouciant Parisian whore, the Italian earth mother, the Hispanic she-devil: all lived to grimace in a man's embrace, and to pick up, in loving wonderment, an occasional baby.

In order to perpetuate these and other myths, Hollywood needed a myth of its own, as thrilling as the best American movies. "That land, called Hollywood," writes Raoul Walsh, "was a mythical abstraction without geographical boundaries." If we have outgrown the myths reflected in the movies, we have also outgrown that "mythical abstraction," in which so many of America's ideals found subtle expression.

"Hollywood" was the golden terminus of westward expansion, epitomizing all the wonders of the New World: a soft climate, unprecedented freedom, ubiquitous gold. Gold sweetened the oranges, burnished the sunny leaves, covered the hillsides with a reddish haze. For decades, thousands traveled west in a second Gold Rush, to test the words of Horatio Alger and the Word of God; for Divine Providence seemed to do its most spectacular work in Hollywood. Any John Doe might suddenly find himself with an elegant new name and hundreds of shoes.

Even as it attested God's bounty and Manifest Destiny, Hollywood was known to be a city of sin: its skies were not cloudy all day, its nights were delicious. Despite this fabled lewdness, however, the biggest stars seemed immune to scandal. "All the big names," writes Eddie Cantor, "were sober, earnest people who lived on diets and answered fan mail." Those who gave Hollywood a bad name couched (so to speak) far from the limelight: ambitious extras, shopgirls on the make, unscrupulous Jews with "connections." In other words, while Hollywood's climbers and middlemen merged in coital frenzy, Crawford, Gable, Grant, Power, Wayne, Davis, et al. spent their evenings at the hearth, reading from the Bible between sips of Ovaltine.

It was not just some lingering Victorian bias that made this myth so popular, but a widespread longing to believe that the stars were as strong in real life as they seemed in the movies. Scandal, the disquieting revelation of physical need, was too suggestive of mortality. As Hollywood's elect, the stars were expected, whether on or off the screen, to deny the inevitability of death: their movies had happy endings, their lives had none. Their divorces never seemed like terminal rifts, but good things for all concerned. Every time they married, it was for keeps. Their funerals were often like premieres, their crypts like theater lobbies. And those who met disaster with a bang—Arbuckle, Garfield, Frances Farmer—were officially forgotten.

Now Hollywood is merely an industrial district with a colorful past, and its myth has dwindled into anecdotes and camp. As we have put the movies' myths behind us, so are we indifferent to the glory that was MGM, the grandeur that was Romanoff's. The stars, we now realize, were just everyday people in stellar disguise. Like life itself, they were "improved" by the studios.

There is no more vivid treatment of Hollywood's expert deceptions than

BOOKS DISCUSSED IN THIS ESSAY

The Secret Life of Tyrone Power by Hector Arce
(Morrow; $9.95)

By Myself by Lauren Bacall
(Knopf; $10.95)

Mommie Dearest by Christina Crawford
(Morrow; $9.95)

No Bed of Roses by Joan Fontaine
(Morrow; $9.95)

The Two Lives of Errol Flynn by Michael Freedland
(Morrow; $9.95)

Sophia Living and Loving: Her Own Story by A. E. Hotchner
(Morrow; $9.95)

The Actor's Life: Journals 1956-1976 by Charlton Heston
(Dutton; $12.95)

Ladd by Beverly Linet
(Arbor House; $10.95)

Marilyn Monroe Confidential by Lena Pepitone and William Stadiem
(Simon & Schuster; $9.95)

Flesh and Fantasy by Penny Stallings with Howard Mandelbaum
(St. Martin's; $9.95)

Joan Crawford by Bob Thomas
(Simon & Schuster; $10.95)

Self-Portrait by Gene Tierney with Mickey Herskowitz
(Wyden Books; $10.95)

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Penny Stallings's *Flesh and Fantasy*, "a sort of catalogue of movie related gossip" filled with remarkable stills, many "never-before-published." Stallings's pictorial assemblage is as clever as her prose, taking the stars from the Hollywood firmament, showing them on the job and on the make. There are early portraits of the yet-to-be-remodeled (the young Garbo looking plump and woozy, the aspiring Hayworth without much forehead), pictures demonstrating how entire careers were based on vague resemblance (Cary Grant begat Gig Young, Grace Kelly begat Dina Merrill and Tippi Hedren), and publicity photos with the retouching taken out, showing, among other flaws, Van Johnson's scars, Adolphe Menjou's hairy fingers and Claudette Colbert's lack of neck. This book seems to document every noteworthy instance of baldness, shortness, crossed eyes, false teeth, protruding ears, excess hair, and excess nose.

Stallings wittily subverts the myth of Hollywood in all its forms. She tells us what it really takes to win an Oscar. For instance, "Be deserving the year before" (Joan Fontaine, Glenda Jackson), "Wear a funny nose" (José Ferrer as Cyrano, Lee Marvin in *Cat Ballou*), or "Expire" (Peter Finch). She commemorates, with pages of stills, some of Hollywood's least convincing versions of humankind, such as the "oriental" (taped eyes, heavy lipstick, embalmed smile), the "old" (head tilted, gummy pout, frosted eyebrows), and the "legendary" (silly clothes). Stallings further deglamorizes the movies by pointing out their shared ingredients. Ever cutting costs, the moguls would dust off an old script or an old set, take a costume out of mothballs, use a tune repeatedly.

The book's most entertaining sections are Stallings's catalogue of persistent rumors ("Shirley Temple is a midget"), her account of certain first choices for famous roles (Gable to play Tarzan), and her chronicle of the stars' various clashes and attractions on the set. Hollywood teaches us, of course, that what's entertaining is not necessarily true. Some of the anecdotes belong among the rumors. For instance, Stallings claims that, shortly before his death, "Errol Flynn had made tentative plans to star in the film version of *Lolita*," with the teenage Beverly Aadland, "his own Lolita," in the title role. According to the latest (and most trustworthy) biography, these "plans" were only a joke. Similarly, Stallings repeats the story about Bette Davis nearly knocking Flynn cold during the filming of *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex*. Davis had wanted Olivier for her co-star, and allegedly expressed her displeasure by turning a stage slap into a mighty right hook. Flynn loved a good tale. This one, which Davis denies, comes from his autobiography. We are also told that Dirk Bogarde had so looked forward to working "with one of his longtime idols, Judy Garland," in *I Could Go On Singing*, that he agreed to the project despite "the flaws in the script," but that after several weeks of Garland's temperament, "Dirk ended up referring to her as 'it.'" In fact, the two had been close friends for years. As Bogarde tells it, the producers allowed him to revise the script (which bothered Garland more than him); and he claims to have felt, when all was over, that "working with her, loving her as I did, had made me the most privileged of men."

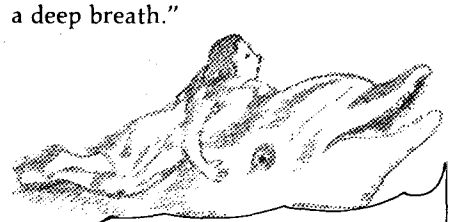
And yet *Flesh and Fantasy* is essentially accurate. While it may sometimes twist the facts for the sake of a good story, its evocation of Hollywood rings true. Stallings has honored the spirit of her subject with this imaginative and very funny book, whose time has come. For we no longer need the myth of Hollywood, or the movies' various myths. We know that the stars were not gods, but products, and the movies were primarily business gambits. We are no longer obsessed with that infinite wealth, those ageless faces.

Before we congratulate ourselves for being so clear-sighted and mature, however, we ought to study some of Hollywood's newest and most popular creations. Geographically, of course, the autobiographies of the stars originate not in Hollywood but in Manhattan, where the books come from. But the myths in these books were first made famous by Hollywood. As memoirists, the stars continue to sell the illusions once peddled by the studios. The biggest hits of Hollywood's current literary season tell "true stories" that sound suspiciously alike: women of uncompromising pluck fight their way upward, only to find that, without Mr. Right, it's lonely at the top, and that beauty, wealth, and fame ensure a life of misery.

Moreover, the popularity of these books suggests that the myth of Hollywood itself may not be dated after all, even if the style of its delivery has changed. Now that the studios have foundered, their erstwhile stars come forward without jewels or make-up, reminiscing in the light of day. They chat about the *amours* and nose jobs on Olympus, then shake their heads and chuckle with the rest of us. But we wouldn't find such trivia so wonderful if we were not still star-struck. No privileged coterie in the world, past or present, exerts the same fascination that still clings to the old movie colony. While we choose to forget the ones who end up waiting tables, we applaud those who have their bank accounts and brain cells still intact. We call them "survivors," as if they had spent their lives in Auschwitz rather than Bel Air. For all its connotations of rotten luck and narrow escapes, "survivor" now sounds as glamorous as "star." The star transcends mortality, the survivor eludes it. Hollywood still promises eternal life.

As its title suggests, Lauren Bacall's *By Myself* is the tale of a "survivor." Bacall is staying on alone, having been widowed (Bogart), jilted (Sinatra), divorced (Robards), orphaned, and otherwise abandoned by various lovers, friends, and dogs. The book's title also implies Bacall's emergence from behind the siren's mask, which lingered in the public memory for years: here is Betty Bacall without the mask, "by herself," telling all.

Bacall's story is full of news, and often very moving. Her evocation of Bogart and her account of his final days make *By Myself* a worthwhile memoir. But the book's "real story" is only part of its appeal. All of Bacall's straight talk is worked into a familiar scenario: as a fresh kid with plenty of guts, Betty studies acting ("No stopping me now"), makes it to Broadway (where she sees "what terrific people professionals are"), and then it's on to Hollywood! Just as her train leaves Grand Central Station, she looks into a mirror and says: "Well, Betty Bacall, this is it. This train is taking you on a new adventure, totally different from anything you've ever known. Take a deep breath."



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Having exhaled, she goes to work out West, falls for Bogart in a big way ("No one has ever written a romance better than we lived it"), and sees her name in lights. But it all disappears, and Bacall is left surviving, with nothing but her memories, her children, her two-and-a-half-year run in *Applause*, her appearance in *Murder on the Orient Express*, her contract with Knopf, and her self-esteem ("I have learned that I am a valuable person"). At the end, Bacall vows to fight her old image vigorously: "It's been a losing battle so far, it may always be, but I won't give up. Not then—not now—not tomorrow." As "honest" as it seems, *By Myself*, with its doomed love affair and its plucky heroine, wealthy but lonely, is a version of *Gone with the Wind* for the "Me Decade."

Never one to be outdone, Joan Crawford has sent a long press release from the grave, and Bob Thomas has obligingly shaped it into something like a biography. Based on what the actress told Thomas throughout his years as a reporter of show biz gossip, *Joan Crawford* is Hollywood myth in its most dated form. Joan (we read) was born on the wrong side of the tracks, began backbreaking work at 11, was treated like dirt by the rich kids at school, dropped out for Bigger Things ("I want to be a *dancer*"), impressed an agent with her spunk, was spotted in the chorus by J. J. Shubert, etc., etc. To corroborate the fairy tales he heard at Crawford's knee, Thomas invents highly dubious conversations between people who aren't alive to deny them, and quotes extensively from books and articles which Crawford "wrote." After the rags-to-riches story starts to pall, Thomas takes up Crawford's "increasingly eccentric and unpredictable behavior," but apologetically, using the myth of the rich-but-wretched actress to get his subject off the hook. Crawford's eyes, Thomas bathetically concludes, "had known . . . the endless, unrealized pursuit of love."

Mommie Dearest is a lurid corrective to Thomas's hagiography, with its notorious revelations of alcoholism, joyless promiscuity with members of either sex, drunk driving, maniacal scrubbing, and, above all, an evil genius for child abuse. While Thomas at one point has the gall to liken Crawford to Mildred Pierce, Christina Crawford describes a woman who could have played the title role in *Trog*. "She was totally without prejudice," writes Thomas of the woman who, according to *Mommie Dearest*, hated fat people, and tried to keep a little black girl from attending Christina's fourth birthday party. Thomas claims that Al Steele, the Pepsi executive, "had been accepted by the Crawford children" before deciding to become Joan's fourth husband. "I heard about the marriage for the first time over a radio news broadcast," writes Christina, who had not yet met or even heard of this "man by the name of Alfred N. Steele." And we have two death scenes. In Thomas's version, St. Joan "called to the two women [who cared for her] to make sure they were eating the breakfast she had prepared. Then she died." According to Christina, the dying Joan heard the prayers of her attendant, and rallied: "My mother raised her head. The last coherent words from her mouth were, 'Damn it . . . don't you *dare* ask God to help me!' A few minutes later, Mother was dead."

Although Christina's account seems more trustworthy, her version of Joan Crawford is essentially the same as Thomas's. The determined trouper with the lovelorn eyes and the explosive sadist with the bloodshot eyes embody the same myths: misery in the midst of plenty; lots of fans, but no man of her own. (According to Christina, "poor Mommie," who "had an insatiable need for love," could never marry the men who might have satisfied her, since both

FOG

I

Fog depends on density, but so does man.
Now you can see *Reve* in the bay, with
Attendant boats, now scarcely, now you cannot.

Man depends on the density of his knowledge,
Finally it is blackout. He was bitterbright,
Fog moves in occluding his spirit.

Pleasant to sit on the land looking at the fog
On the sea. Will it lift, or be total occlusion?
Fog moves in and out, ideas move in and out.

Fog brings on sea quietude, through which
A bell speaks far out, or, near, a sea gull.
Quiet of earth before new change.

Total density total invisibility.
After life, we must be in a total fog.
Sussuration asseverates in others.

After some time, the clamor of high sunlight,
Far bright looks, action, the speeches of men.
In fog you thought you knew something irremediable.

II

Clarity is the excellence of rationality.
Socrates in the agora was not fogged in.
Plato and Aristotle could be explicit in their ways.

We use a word like glory for clarity,
We use a word like chaos for madness,
Some great men have been mad, some sane.

If I sit in the fog, looking at the fog, not
Seeing through the fog, how clear can I be?
By imagination I can be clear as in clear sunlight.

But then, in sunlight I could be metaphorically fogged.
What, then, is the controlling principle? Nature
Lights obscurity, obscures the light. Our plight.

I cannot ask the fog to go away, to vanish,
I cannot ask a sunny day to turn to fog,
I can ask, who am I, what am I doing in the world?

Richard Eberhart

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of them—Clark Gable and an "Uncle Charlie"—already had wives.) And yet, while *Mommie Dearest* confirms these clichés, it also blackens the myth of uncompromising pluck. Even after winning global adulation, Christina's mother never quit striving. She was Crawford Agonistes, ever working toward the Big Break or the Comeback, thriving on ostracism and betrayals. Such gumption may seem heroic in the annals of show biz, but it isn't much fun around the house.

Books like *Mommie Dearest* and *By Myself* succeed through compromise, telling small truths to preserve the large fictions. Moreover, they recite exquisite memories in a context of atonement, like a sinner bragging in the confessional. The reader enjoys a vicarious holiday, never forgetting that privilege has its price. Bacall pays heavily for early fame and perfect marriage; Christina is tortured for her status and occasional bouts of costly fun (fantastic birthday parties, a luxurious trip to Europe). In *Self-Portrait*, Gene Tierney describes another illustrious life grievously punished: "I had fame, a face people seemed to admire, friends I could count on, and an income of six figures a year. Why wasn't I happy?" Tierney's woes (years of crippling insanity, a daughter born deaf and retarded) are severe enough to compensate for all those glamorous benefits, which included the attentions of Oleg Cassini, Aly Khan, Howard Hughes, the omnivorous John Kennedy. Even the story's happy ending (she finally traded the playboys for an oilman) has its comforting catch: "I consider myself well now, but I know I have to make an effort to stay that way." Because Tierney's understated story is in perfect balance, it is, like *Mommie Dearest* and *By Myself*, a best seller.

If the joys outweigh the woes, or vice versa, the survivor formula fails. In *No Bed of Roses*, Joan Fontaine tries to pass herself off as a survivor, like a millionaire dressed in a barrel to fool the IRS. "There is much in my life that might make me the envy of many," she sighs, lamenting that she has "found no lasting romance, no marriage" that didn't jeopardize "my own happiness or freedom." Bearing up well under the agony, Fontaine proceeds to tell a story that is eloquent, light-hearted, and mistitled, describing a life of uninterrupted luxury. She hung out with Aly Khan, Howard Hughes, the omnivorous Joe Kennedy; "I invested in oil drilling, bought citrus groves in Florida, an apartment building in Beverly Hills." Too much of this book is taken up with moonlit strolls in exotic places to leave much room for the heartaches, so *No Bed of Roses* has had only middling success.

The opposite problem confronts Lena Pepitone and William Stadiem, whose *Marilyn Monroe Confidential* tries feebly to make a casualty sound like a champion. As Monroe's maid for six years, Pepitone had a chance to observe her mistress's most revolting habits, which she describes (through Stadiem) in a tone of loving reminiscence. "Marilyn was my friend," she pretends, and then natters on about Monroe's raucous self-pity, her tantrums, her colossal vanity, her "incessant belching and farting," her disinclination to bathe, her multicolored sheets (used as two kinds of napkin) and her conscription of various employees for hours of erotic service, which would often "take place on a table in Mr. Miller's old study." Of course, such an odious slob could never be considered a "survivor," and so Pepitone/Stadiem utterly contradict their sordid characterization, to make Monroe seem like yet another Little Engine That Could: "She was always a trouper, regardless of the circumstances," with "a very special determination to succeed and a will to survive," etc. By doing herself in at an early age, Monroe has made such tributes seem a bit misplaced. "To this day, her death has remained a mystery to me," Pepitone confesses predictably.

Whatever Monroe was really like (and this book won't tell us), her myth shares with the stories of Crawford, Tierney, Bacall, and Fontaine the old opposition between love and success: "I wasn't sure which mattered more to her," Pepitone muses, "a family or a career." These pushy American broads have something to learn from the tranquil Sophia Loren, whose "own story" confirms the myth of the European woman as perpetuated by Henry Miller, Ernest Hemingway, and Darryl F. Zanuck, among others. "If, at seventeen," Sophie declares, Monroe "had found a father, as I found Carlo, I think that would have been her salvation."

Sophia Living and Loving is a long encomium pieced together from many hours of conversation with Sophia and her relatives, all of whom adore Sophia. A. E. Hotchner did the cutting and pasting, mixed some metaphors and purpled the prose, but his real contribution was to sit still for Sophia's endless self-congratulation, and to buy it. Thousands of equally credulous Americans have also bought it, allured by the

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myth of *la femme éternelle*. As a European woman, Sophia is evidently licensed to hold forth on the mysteries of life and the wonders of herself. Certainly no American actress could get away with it.

"Born wise," Sophia struggled like any other rising star ("I was a survivor"), but, once successful, never forgot her obligations as a primal force: "The actress part of me was happy and fulfilled, but the . . . Neapolitan, childbearing Mother Earth [*sic*] half of me was fiercely unsatisfied." After a few miscarriages, Sophia finally satisfied the other half, and is now the Total Woman: "a good cook," "open and trusting," "very romantic and vulnerable," of "a giving nature." "I love to be considered a dish," she admits, and warns feminists not to "forsake their natural qualities," since "the love of a little child is a greater reward for a woman than any job can bring her" (which bromide would have tickled Joan Crawford).

Tierney, Bacall, Fontaine, et al. seem to apologize for selling out their femininity; Sophia, in touch with her ovaries, has "few regrets." Her wealth brings her no sorrow, because she is womanly enough to take it for granted: "I don't care about money, I never have." While her husband minds the store, Sophia looks after the kids, gives advice, does saintly favors: teaching a nasty Cary Grant "about simple humanity," teaching a guarded Carlo Ponti "to be open and honest and direct," functioning as "psychiatrist, comforter, ego masseuse" to a broken Richard Burton. She arranges for a dying woman to be flown to a hospital and revived, and has Christiaan Barnard save a child's life (and claims that she wanted "no mention of my name in connection with this project"). Her perfect femininity seems somehow dictatorial, as if she were singing "I Enjoy Being a Girl" while annexing Poland. It seems fitting that she ends this book "showing President Tito of Yugoslavia how to make spaghetti sauces."

As the world's most glamorous yenta, Sophia seems utterly unlike her hapless American sisters, and yet their myths tell the same story: Sophia's struggle pays off because she is a wife and mommy first, an actress second; the Americans fall apart because they dare to try the opposite. And all Americans, regardless of gender, must appear to pay for the privileges of stardom. While the women are punished with bereavement, the men suffer from premature decreptitude. Michael Freedland's unsympathetic biography of Errol Flynn, while full of revelations (Flynn was "the subject of an anti-Nazi investigation," and once tried, with Bogart, to burn down the Warner Brothers studio), neglects Flynn's own writings, which reveal a deeper man than Freedland leeringly evokes, stressing the tawdriest details of a fast life and ugly death. Beverly Linet's dismal *Ladd*, a standard fan-magazine effusion, never seems to leave the crypt: in a "Preface," a "Prologue" and "A Note to the Reader," Linet makes it abundantly clear that Alan Ladd died young, "his once-beautiful face and strong athlete's body . . . ravaged by age, time, freak accidents, and a losing battle against alcoholism," which is basically all that Linet seems to know.

There are far better books with similar stories: *The Secret Life of Tyrone Power* ("The Drama of a Bisexual in the Spotlight") deals with yet another short-lived matinee idol, but Hector Arce treats Power's career and its pressures with unusual tact, avoiding the tone of ghoulish fascination so common among the stars' biographers. And Arce demonstrates the right kind of erudition, making Power's milieu (Twentieth Century-Fox into the 1950s) at least as interesting as Power's proclivities.

This, after all, is what such books should do: teach us something about cinema. And while certain autobiographies—by Mary Astor, David Niven, Evelyn Keyes, Hildegarde Knef, Charlie Chaplin, Lilli Palmer, and others—give credible accounts of life and labor in the film industry, Hollywood memoirs usually lapse into the comforting (and lucrative) formulas of myth. All autobiographers do some creative misremembering, but the truth is more elusive in Hollywood than in most places. Moreover, the Hollywood memoirist usually takes pen in hand because his agent has run out of encouraging things to say. Superannuated, he might misrepresent the past out of bitterness, since there is no such thing as demotion recollected in tranquillity.

The most edifying memoirs are therefore documentary, recording, on the spot, all the false starts, idiotic demands, weird accidents, and crushing disappointments of daily life in Hollywood. There are few such books. *Memo From: David O. Selznick*, edited by Rudy Behlmer, is worth any number of biographies and reminiscences. And Charlton Heston's *The Actor's Life*, a volume of diary entries covering two decades, is more direct, informative, and entertaining than any of the aforementioned best sellers.

What with his image as Defender of the Faith, Heston is not known for his gaiety. In his definitive portrayals, he is frequently presented sneering down at people from atop various mountains and horses. *The Actor's Life* does not so much contradict this image as give it depth. Heston is deeply romantic in a stern, old-fashioned way, intrigued by self-sacrifice, transcendent heroism, and battles long ago. This conservatism seems to motivate Heston's considerable powers as a stylist, and gives him a wry perspective on the film industry and its excesses. He is a keen and likeable observer, able to convey a sense of what it feels like to make movies: the laborious readying of script and cast, the problems on the set, the final reckoning of profits and reviews. Heston is especially good at describing the disorientations and brief ecstasies of filmmaking; and he has also made sure (with the help of editor Hollis Alpert) to leave in the doldrums, the interminable waiting and reluctant trips abroad to do research, hold conferences, be interviewed. Moreover, *The Actor's Life* is a valuable record of film history, recounting the various methods of William Wyler, George Stevens, Sam Peckinpah, Anthony Mann, Richard Lester, Carol Reed. Heston receives Olivier's advice, praises Orson Welles's bold techniques in shooting *Touch of Evil*, and witnesses the sad collapse of the late Nicholas Ray, in the middle of production on *55 Days at Peking*.

And yet *The Actor's Life* has not sold well, probably because it does not cohere into familiar myth. If Heston could have posed as a survivor (and the shifts in his career and family life would have accommodated such a self-portrayal), he might have won the critics' praise and a lot of money. Instead, he has written something accurate and unsentimental.

For years, the stars were seen but not heard from. They were discouraged from extemporaneous public speaking, since a burst of resentment or a four-letter word might have spoiled that illusion of superior calm. To prevent such recklessness, publicity crews kept the stars under heavy surveillance, like

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squads of ventriloquists hired to suppress a revolt of dummies. All public appearances were scripted. Interviews were invented outright, and those magazine articles with stellar by-lines were the products of studio hackwork. Everyone in Hollywood "wrote" or "spoke" with the same stilted correctness and exaggerated tact, as if they had all learned English from condolence cards.

Now the stars can speak in their own voices. For example: "If I hadn't been so consumed by Bogie, the thrusting of me onto the national scene with such a vengeance would have been uncopable with." This sentence by Lauren Bacall may sound like the work of a Guatemalan flunking first-year English, but it is certainly authentic. Authenticity per se, however, may not mean much. The stars (and their celebrants) have replaced the chilly self-absorption of yesterday's idols with the warm "honest" self-absorption of the 1970s: they have "survived" into a decade hospitable to narcissism. And this change in style helps make old foolishness seem hip. Rattling on with amiable post-1960s candor, the stars remind us that it's swell to be poor, that we'll always make it if we try, that hormones are a girl's best friend. We may be leaving these myths behind, but not wholeheartedly. They linger on into the present, making money and causing trouble, like old mobsters. And if they disappear entirely, it will probably be a fluke.

Mark Crispin Miller

Mark Crispin Miller teaches English at the University of Pennsylvania and has written essays for the *New York Review of Books*, the *Nation*, *Film Quarterly*, and other journals.

On Not Being Good Enough: Writings of a Working Critic by Roger Sale

(Oxford University Press; $12.95)

There are critics, there are reviewers, there are hacks. One might argue that the boundaries between the three are porous, and allow for mobility in any direction; but not really. Roger Sale is a reviewer with no pretensions to being a critic, despite his book's defensive subtitle. He acknowledges that he has no guiding principles of criticism, no original aesthetic notions, no "wonderful, witty, inventive, self-enclosed and self-sustaining theory of the novel and its contemporary audience." What Sale offers is opinions:

> *every time I feel my voice trying to rise to something even modestly lavish, I check myself, knowing such lavishness is almost certainly an attempt to cover up some ignorance, some inadequacy. . . . My relation to the world of current fiction is so tenuous that if I happened to have read different novels from the ones I've read I might be saying something quite different.*

Hence some books are wonderful, others contemptible. Bellow is good, Updike not. Heller yes, Vonnegut no. No obscurities here, no uncanny critical arabesques. If one can master a styleless style, Sale has mastered it, but he is wise enough to honor his superiors in the field of criticism, among them Irving Howe and Hugh Kenner. (But he is curiously uncharitable toward Lionel Trilling and Alfred Kazin, both of whom he resembles in certain respects.) Wisely too he has been forthright about the organization of his book and the worth of including material that might be considered ephemeral: he wonders aloud whether reviewing may be "at best high-class hackwork," and the collecting of reviews and occasional essays a "ticklish" question.

Nevertheless Oxford University Press has brought out, and presumably edited, some 22 incidental pieces of Sale's, published between 1966 and 1978. Most are brief reviews or review-essays or that doubtful form, the omnibus-review, originally published in *Hudson Review*, the *New York Review*, and the *New York Times Book Review*; three are low-keyed and conversational, listing books Sale has read and can recommend. (He likes Jack Thomas Leahy's *Shadow on the Water*, Thomas Savage's *The Power of The Dog*, Gladys Schmitt's *Rembrandt*, Theodore Weesner's *The Car Thief*, among others.) At times Sale is so casual about his responsibilities as a reviewer, one might almost mistake him for a hack instead of a "working critic." He mentions the novels he hasn't had time to read, among them *Transparent Things* and *The World of Apples* (both short story collections); he declines to write on Nabokov and Updike because that would require too much reading (though he is certain their reputations are "inflated"); he has "heard it said" that Charles Jackson's *The Lost Weekend* is a worthwhile book, but hasn't troubled to look it up; he lays aside Cynthia Ozick's *Trust* after 100 pages because he hasn't time to finish it for his essay—though the essay was originally published in 1973 in *The American Scholar* and he must have had a few days free in the intervening years to pick it up again. A mini-essay on Roth is badly outdated; commentary on Margaret Drabble might have been surgically removed from its omnibus-review context and amplified in the light of Drabble's work since 1972; a review of Malamud's *The Tenants* shows no awareness of earlier Malamud work, as if it were created in a vacuum.

And so on, and so forth. Reviewing Sale is like calibrating a spittlebug's dimensions: there aren't any, finally, and one is left staring at queer stains into which meaning might quixotically be read. In *Modern Heroism* Sale yoked together by opportunistic violence the disparate figures of Empson, Lawrence, and Tolkien (he adores Tolkien); in *Fairy Tales and After* he declared himself a "daylight" reader, a no-nonsense man who applauds Dr. Seuss's Americanism and his "uninquisitive sense that evil is probably nothing more than someone acting like a naughty child." (An observation not unlike those preached by Mary Baker Eddy: evil doesn't exist, disease and disorder are illusions, you are imagining everything, stop fussing about pain, sickness, tragedy, death. Helpful if one wants to found a billion-dollar cult religion, but crippling, it is reasonable to assume, if one aspires to an intelligent assessment of adult American fiction, particularly of the 20th century.)

Sale seems never to have discovered that novels are works of art, constructs of language, not simply vehicles for ideas and characterizations. He doesn't fuss over subtleties, never concerns

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himself with the political implications of a novel, or its relationship to what a more theoretical critic might call the tradition. His elasticity is such that he can dump together as "novelistic experimenters" such figures as "Joyce, Henry Miller, William Burroughs, Anaïs Nin, Lawrence Durrell, etc." He seems totally unaware of Gabriel García Márquez's obvious, and acknowledged, debt to Faulkner when he says that "Faulkner did not lead to anything more than imitation Faulkner." Snide about most of *Of a Fire on the Moon*, he is bowled over by Mailer's commonplace utterances on Cézanne, as if Meyer Schapiro had never lived; he dismisses John Hawkes's *The Blood Oranges* because it is the work of a "contemptible" imagination—though he makes no effort to understand that imagination, either in regard to *The Blood Oranges* or other novels of Hawkes's. (He seems not to have read other novels of Hawkes's.) Joseph Heller is great but Kurt Vonnegut is only for "the semi-literate young" whom Sale, as a professor of English, must deal with. Anne Tyler of all people is charged with having let "imperial modes mar otherwise good realistic fiction," though Sale breezes by without explaining how Anne Tyler allowed this to happen, or even mentioning a single title of hers. ("Imperial" fiction is Sale's term for what other critics call fabulist fiction or metafiction; its most popular practitioners are Mailer, Pynchon, Barth, Heller, Vonnegut.) Comments on a novel of my own I had remembered as mildly instructive nine years ago appear now, in the context of this haphazard book, as casual and unpremeditated as anything else.

Ineptitude and malice frequently dovetail in Sale, and inspire him to a schoolmasterish crankiness, an exaggerated concern for others' popularities and reputations. It is Philip Roth's fame that engages Sale's interest, not Roth's fiction, which is summarily dismissed; Ken Kesey worries him too, though he is certain Kesey's popularity will soon decline. He wonders aloud in the *New York Times Book Review* whether Tony Tanner still thinks highly of Vonnegut. What exactly is at stake here, what has all this to do with literary criticism? If Sale's pet "unknown" novelists became famous, one suspects he would immediately turn against them.

One would not trouble to examine Roger Sale, self-proclaimed "critic," whose unsystematic and curiously hermetic readings suggest no one so much as Bouvard and Pécuchet, isolated in the country, besotted by books, books piled upon books, utterly flummoxed by an immersion in "literature"; one would not trouble with *On Not Being Good Enough* except for the fact that Sale has made his reputation in some quarters as a hatchet-man, and that the type he represents—though more naively, more transparently, than most—is general in literary hack journalism. I am not convinced that there is an anxiety of influence, as Harold Bloom (a genuine critic) so intricately argues, or that it is universal; but surely there is an anxiety of mediocrity, the *ressentiment* about which Nietzsche wrote— "the *ressentiment* of those who are denied the real reaction, that of the deed, and who compensate with an imaginary revenge." Criticism, then, as imaginary revenge. How else to account for Sale's frequent cruelty (he subjects Lionel Trilling's criticism to the judgment of a group of graduate students at the University of Washington, and smugly reports that they "hooted . . . with casual derision"; but perhaps, being the semi-literate young Sale has elsewhere castigated, they would have hooted even louder at Einstein's notions); how else to account for the sudden retreat to a humble forelock-tugging amateurism? (Sale announces quietly that he believes he is a good teacher. But not, maybe, good enough. He says that he is not "Mailer or Pynchon, nor was meant to be.") The anxiety of mediocrity manifests itself in such puzzling oscillations: *I am not much good but these others with their inflated reputations are not much good either. But don't take me too seriously!—I admit that I'm not much good.*

The hack moves quickly, and resists a backward glance. Why bother to update breezy little reviews, cursory "assessments" of the literary scene that are only lists of titles anyway? If stupefyingly silly sentences were once published—"Most first and second novels, no matter how strongly conceived, are underwritten or overwritten, often considerably"; "Of course there are lots of things to read besides novels, and lots to do besides read"—why bother to eliminate them for hardcover publication? Perhaps no one will notice.

A ticklish enterprise, in all. Yet one hesitates to call this hackwork "high class."

Joyce Carol Oates

Joyce Carol Oates's most recent novel is *Son of the Morning* (Vanguard).

Eyewitness Auschwitz
by Filip Müller

(Stein and Day; $10.95)

Why now? Why, after 40 years of silence and retreat, this widespread rush to confront the facts of the Holocaust? It is as if ash-planet Auschwitz had abruptly risen like a new, 10th star. People speak of a "Holocaust fad," as if the need to account for this worst of crimes were no more than a voyeur's exercise, the latest style in torment. But suppose that assimilation of the past is a necessary process, central to spiritual health, and that Schopenhauer was right when he defined conscience as "man's knowledge concerning what he has done." The kind of attention now paid to the history of the death camps is part of a cultural task both expected and normal—the gathering of moral substance, in this case at infinite cost, by those who dwell in aftermath.

But again, why so long in coming? Partly because after the war the smell of death was too much with us and recovery takes time. Partly, too, because a new generation has matured and strives to know the disasters attending its birth. But also, I think, because the present pace of murderous events, our own daily inventory of atrocity and madness, has undermined effective support from standard faiths and ideologies. We are in search of a more radical reference point, a sounding-board equal to the new sense of evil, something as dark as the darkness that spawned our age. If so, the irony of our predicament is demonic. Hoping for minimal light, we have turned to the darkest event in human memory.

There is no salvation, of course, but the process of conscience—of spirit divining itself in service of life—goes

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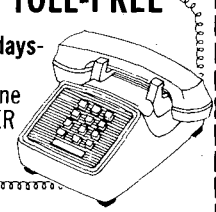

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forward nevertheless, because it must. And by now we know that neither a Christian ethics of love nor centuries of successful commitment to social progress can dispel man's lust for ruin; that the foundations of modern civilization, bureaucracy and technology, amplify to infinity our capacity for destruction; and that in sincere service to high ideals—the resurrection of a nation, the creation of a "New Europe"—men and women can support freely, loyally, with fierce commitment, the worst crimes imaginable. Still to be learned is the function of culture itself, the systems of symbolic manipulation that govern feeling and thought, in making possible such vast and inhuman events. And still to be appreciated is the response of the victims, both those who died and those who by chance and struggle survived.

Until recently, serious study of the Holocaust focused on the fate of the millions murdered, or on the conditions and processes that made the camps a reality. The current interest, however, bears within it a marked turn toward concern for survivors. This has had a double consequence: early books and records by survivors are now being republished, while the general change in attitude—the shift from survivor as pariah to survivor as central witness—has encouraged others to come forth with their stories. Thus, while important books like Eugen Kogon's *The Theory and Practice of Hell* and Primo Levi's *Survival in Auschwitz* are read with new vigor, we now have in recently reissued editions such "classics" of eyewitness testimony as Emmanuel Ringelblum's *Notes from the Warsaw Ghetto*, Alexander Donat's *The Holocaust Kingdom*, Charlotte Delbo's *None of Us Will Return*, and Jean-François Steiner's *Treblinka*, this last based on testimony of the remnant who survived the Treblinka revolt.

There is almost literally no end to this intimate record, and a good deal more will probably be available in translation soon. Among new publications by survivors there is Germaine Tillion's *Ravensbrück*, Fania Fenelon's *Playing for Time*, Isebella Leitner's brief memoir and Anna Pawelczynska's important study, *Values and Violence in Auschwitz*. Also by a survivor, but not about events he himself witnessed, is Jozef Garlinski's invaluable history of resistance, *Fighting Auschwitz*. All are worth reading; each recovers some fact or detail not to be found elsewhere. And taken as a whole, the amount of eyewitness testimony now in English translation is sufficient to alter radically earlier views of the death camps.

The victims did not go to their deaths like sheep, or "like lemmings," as Bruno Bettelheim put it; nor, again quoting Bettelheim, did prisoners typically regress "into childlike behavior" or survive by being "ready and willing to accept SS values." These judgments *sound* correct; logic suggests that in a world as evil as Auschwitz, no trace of humanness could remain. But in fact survivors stayed alive by staying human: by keeping conscience, dignity, and hardminded realism active; by creating covert networks of mutual support, helping and encouraging each other, often at great risk; and finally, against seemingly insurmountable odds and setbacks, by slowly building resistance organizations *inside* the camps.

This revised image of the camp world is evident in the books I have mentioned. The one aspect of the "killing centers" about which we have so far had little direct description is the actual conduct of mass murder—what happened *in* the gas chambers, how the ovens were operated and the dead disposed of, the sophisticated technology of open-pit burning, what became of the ashes. It was assumed that in Auschwitz all members of the *Sonderkommando* (the work squads that ran the crematoria) were periodically killed and replaced, and that after blowing up two of the Auschwitz crematoria the last group was wiped out in a battle with the SS. But only sections of the *Sonderkommando* were executed, more in an ad hoc than in a systematic way; and even after the final shoot-out, which occasioned wild confusion on all sides, a handful of prisoners surived, a few among them who had been in the *Sonderkommando* as early as the spring of 1942.

One of these was Filip Müller, and in *Eyewitness Auschwitz* he provides a very detailed description of day-to-day life, if we can call it that, in Hell's inmost circle. And Hell it surely was:

> *I was watching a young mother. . . . She was struggling to go on talking to her beloved child quite normally to spare her the terror of her imminent death. . . . Meanwhile, Voss, the executioner, was circling round mother and child looking for a spot on the child's little body at which to aim his gun. When the distracted mother noticed this she began to twist and turn to the left and to the right, back and forth, anything to take her child out of his field of fire. Suddenly three shots cracked through the silence. The little girl was hit in the side of the chest. Her mother feeling her child's blood flowing down her body lost all self-control and flung her daughter straight at her murderer's head. . . .*

You will notice that Müller's prose is not distinguished; you will also notice that this does not matter. Having read other books of this kind, I had expected to read this one straight through. But no, *Eyewitness Auschwitz* is jammed with infernal information too terrible to be taken in all at once. Müller's steady, matter-of-fact description of the burning pits in which the Hungarian Jews were consumed, for example, is too charged with moral and physical revulsion to allow quick reading. But if Müller could endure it, surely we can read it, bit by bit if need be. Nor is the cliché about horror generating numbess borne out, not for the reader, not for Müller. At one point he could bear it no longer. He slipped into the gas chamber, where he had a singular encounter with one of the doomed which turned him back to life.

But if he stayed alive, how did he stay sane? Müller focuses on four topics: the behavior of the SS, the layout and operation of the crematoria complex, the reactions of the victims, and the rise and final end of an armed resistance movement among the members of the *Sonderkommando*. This last is what saved his sanity; a person might endure without hope, but without feeling that *something* was being done to combat this round-the-clock horror, anything, no matter how small or uncertain, which might create and sustain a collective will transcending personal despair—without this response to Auschwitz, as Müller suggests more than once, going on would have been impossible.

We know from Müller's book, and also from Garlinski's *Fighting Auschwitz*, that there was a double resistance movement in Auschwitz—one group in the camp at large, the other isolated in the killing area—which existed *from the beginning*. While first working in the small crematorium in Auschwitz One, before the great Birkenau complex was built, Müller and his comrades found hand-grenades in the clothing of the dead; these were hidden and later, when the group was transferred to Birkenau, smuggled to a new location. All the while, furthermore, members of the *Sonderkommando* collected gold and diamonds from the dead and bribed guards in ways that allowed arms to be smuggled in, sometimes part by part from the munitions factory at which other prisoners worked. And twice

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Müller's group helped prisoners escape from the camp, to "tell the world" and appeal for help. And the world was told. And help did not come.

All of this took years, but the aim was clear, and when critics like Bettelheim demand to know why one group of the *Sonderkommando* revolted while earlier groups did not, the answers are also clear: there was only one group, subdivided among the different crematoria, that worked to arm itself; the time this took was increased because leaders were suspected and shot; and before a final plan could be devised and a date set for the uprising, the entire action had to be coordinated with the *other* resistance organization, and this group, in turn, could not hope for success until they had established connections and worked out plans with partisan fighters in the surrounding countryside.

There could only be one revolt, and the tragedy of so much sacrifice and determination to survive until fighting became possible was that the different resistance units were never able to coordinate their resources to strike at the same moment. When the *Sonderkommandos* finally revolted (some of them were listed for extermination and refused to go), they were defeated by the same method the SS used to stop any eruption of trouble in the camps: the area was sealed off with a wall of machine guns which then fired until nothing living was left. Bullets tore up everything and Müller lived by shielding himself—is this irony?—in a chimney above the ovens.

Terrence Des Pres

Terrence Des Pres is the author of *The Survivor: An Anatomy of Life in the Death Camps* (Oxford University Press) and teaches at Colgate University.

Endless Love
by Scott Spencer

(Knopf; $8.95)

At first glance, *Endless Love* seems likely to be a chore for the reader. Its central character is yet another adolescent boy, more or less out of tune with his parents. When we meet him, he's setting fire to his girlfriend's house. In short order he confesses to his crime and enters a posh psychiatric clinic.

"When I was seventeen," is how David Axelrod explains it, "and in full obedience of my heart's most urgent commands, I stepped far from the pathway of normal life and in a moment's time ruined everything I loved." Knowing nothing yet about David, we take this statement lightly. Yes, yes, everyone at age 17 could say as much; every 17-year-old ruins all he loves twice a week, at least.

But it's soon apparent that David is no ordinary adolescent. He isn't merely passing through a phase; his age is incidental. In fact, he's a full-blown tragic hero. He is obsessed by such a consuming passion for Jade Butterfield, his girlfriend, that it colors and reshapes his life—even destroys it. That so grand an emotion should strike someone too young to handle it does complicate events, of course; but it seems probable that at any age, at any point when David's intensity happened to combine with the flamboyance and disarray of Jade Butterfield's family, he would have met with disaster. He makes errors that are irreversible, a grownup's errors; they cannot be patched over (like Holden Caulfield's) with a little psychiatric counseling or a few more birthdays.

What is required from the reader is that he view David's love affair seriously. This takes some time. There is nothing unforgettable about Jade Butterfield, and her family is downright irritating—one of those self-consciously modern families in which the parents have only younger friends, experiment with LSD, obtain Enovid for their daughters, and invade their children's worlds with a kind of acquisitiveness and greed. We could dismiss them all, if it weren't for David.

He is single-minded, unnaturally focused, somehow triumphantly sane even when he seems more withdrawn than any sane man is supposed to be. Emerging as he does from a narrow, airless world (rather faded, ex-communist parents, a grim apartment in a declining Chicago neighborhood), he conveys a sense of stark sobriety that rivets the reader's gaze upon him. We may smile, at first, at his earnestness; so did the Butterfields smile. But then we fall under his spell. We begin to believe, as surely as David himself, that some people may be joined together in webs and tangles from which there is no escape. By the end of the book his love affair is to us, too, tragic and permanent and deeply, surprisingly moving.

While it's very much an original, *Endless Love* has something in common with Iris Murdoch's *A Word Child* and Robertson Davies's *Fifth Business*—two other novels that give a full measure of respect to the linkages of fate. In all three books, certain people either willingly or unwillingly serve as catalysts in certain other people's lives—or sometimes, more actively, as monkey wrenches. David Axelrod is never entirely innocent (his determined hunt for various Butterfields makes the book as absorbing as a detective story), but he is, in many ways, a victim. He is done in by the bizarre openness of the Butterfields, by his pinched background that makes that openness so appealing, and by his own charm and obvious good intentions, which cause some of the Butterfields, guiltily, secretively, to sustain the threads that bind him to them.

"You seemed to promise so much," Jade's mother writes him after the fire. "Your big intense eyes and the absolutely masterful trick of slowing your flattery down with little stammers." She also says:

> *I see you as Prometheus, if I can be a little grand about it all . . . you could not have brought the fire of yourself to a more dangerous place: our family was kindling, stacked up teepee style and ready to burn. There was something about you that exacerbated every moral struggle, all of the divisions, misunderstandings, and hurt feelings that until then had hung in a precarious balance among us. I still don't wholly understand how you did it.*

There are other Butterfields, however, who will have nothing to do with David, who hate and fear him. This adds an important element; for as well plotted as *Endless Love* is—masterfully plotted, so it's difficult not to cheat and flip to the final page—the true genius of

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the book is its characterization of David. Really, the more hostile Butterfields remind us, who is David Axelrod but one of those rejected lovers you can find on the back page of any newspaper? You see them shadowing ex-sweethearts, receiving injunctions from the local courts—untrustworthy, fragile people, nuisances at best, eternal losers, or at worst outright maniacs, likely to leap in any direction at the slightest provocation. In the course of this novel, David not only burns up a house but breaks parole, causes a fatal traffic accident, and manhandles his mother. But he's never merely a villain, and if we feel any fear in this book it is *for* him, not *of* him. This is largely because Scott Spencer places us so squarely in David's world. The "upper-class ping" of the Butterfields' voices, the grinding desperation of David's sexual contacts with Jade, the bleakness and moral uprightness of the objects in his parents' bureau drawers—all combine to give us a sense of a genuine, believable life. Listen to his mother, Rose, talking to him about her marriage:

I like being with Arthur. He's my best friend. He's my husband. *And I know you know how he used to love me. Worship me! Really, it* was *like worship. He used to follow me around the apartment with his hands out in front of him, like he was sleepwalking. But things got confused. They bogged down. I wasn't as nice as I could have been. Resentments build up. It's not so unusual. He used you against me and that made things worse. But that happens, too. Believe me, the Axelrods aren't the only little family who've had a few failings. I think we've done better than most. At least your father and I have upheld our ideals. I'm proud of that, at least.*

What comes through in this passage is not just Rose herself, but also something of David. It's David who reports it, after all. He is unerringly perceptive, sympathetic even to those he harms in the course of his obsession. As the novel winds down—as we draw back and see David from outside (28 years old now, unemployed and poorly educated, failed, beaten down, probably someone we'd pass hurriedly on a sidewalk)—we have an immense sense of loss and waste. Something *happens* in this book; both its hero and its readers have been changed by the time it ends. Scott Spencer is a magnificent writer, and *Endless Love* is his finest novel.

Anne Tyler

Anne Tyler's most recent novel is *Earthly Possessions* (Knopf).

Too Far To Go
by John Updike

(Fawcett-Crest; $2.25)

That John Updike is the most skillful writer currently using the American language seems clear to me. He is the writer I read when I want to be reminded of the possibilities of language, a writer of prose who uses the language as carefully as any poet. The claim of some of his detractors—that he has *too* much technique—seems transparently envious to me. They know they will never write as well as he does, so they are saying, in effect, that he is too skilled and that this somehow stands in the way of "greatness."

Greatness (with or without quotation marks) is a bore, and anyway we are never very accurate in assessing it in our contemporaries. Who knows which books will sink and which swim 100 years from now? No one—least of all the pundits who pretend to know. It would be more honest to celebrate the joys we know in the here and now and the writers who give us those joys, rather than to argue pointlessly about greatness.

If the creation of a varied, sublimely literate, humorous, and intelligent *oeuvre* is an act of generosity (which I believe it is) then Updike is the most generous of artists. I have always particularly admired his adeptness in various forms—short stories, novels, literary essays (directed at the intelligent common reader rather than the PhD candidate), poems, light verse, even doggerel. As if that weren't enough, there is also a closet drama (*Buchanan Dying*), a modern mock epic about the amazing female genital ("Cunts"), and a "concrete" poem with illustrations ("Midpoint").

I have also admired the ingenious way Updike both fragments and transforms his autobiographical experiences in his fiction, using different protagonists as the representatives of different aspects of his own complex and contradictory character. Henry Bech is the writer (though of a rather different sort than his creator—he is "blocked"); Richard Maple, the husband and father; Piet Hanema, the Dutchman (and builder—craftsman, maker); Rabbit Angstrom, the working man and political naif; and Thomas Marshfield, the unfrocked minister (a Chaucerian figure if ever there was one—praising the Lord with his trousers down). Of course it is true that every fictional character is an autobiographical projection of sorts (and this includes heroes and villains, major and minor characters), but it is particularly true in Updike's case that the protagonist of each of his major novels or groups of stories represents an aspect of self which he wishes to examine. Felix Elleloû in his most recent novel, *The Coup*, represents the Updike who identifies with blacks, the writer as member of a visible minority group, as well as the man torn asunder by no less than four women. (Do they perhaps represent mother, wife, mistress, and daughter?)

Although I admire *The Coup*, which contains some of the most dazzling writing by an always dazzling writer, I am even more drawn to the Updike who can write a story like "Separating" (in *Too Far To Go*), one of the most extraordinarily honest stories about marriage ever written. In a curious way, I felt *The Coup* was a tour de force, a rebuke to those critics who doubted Updike's ability to journey to foreign lands and write of multi-colored peoples, murders, and political intrigues. Reading it, one was delighted by the humor, the beauty of the language, the ingenuity of construction; but upon reflection the book seemed less memorable than Updike's American stories and novels. In fact, the parts of *The Coup* that seemed truest were Elleloû's recollections of college in America in the 1950s. There the prose seemed to breathe freely, whereas Updike's Africa seemed partly contrivance. One felt the author was bent upon proving his versatility; but why should an author of such extraordinary gifts have to prove anything to anyone? Do we fault Jane Austen for

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never writing about Australia? Most great novelists have written their best work about subjects they found closest to home—even when, as in Joyce's case, they became exiles.

I find the charge that prior to *The Coup* Updike's range was too "limited" absurd. It is also an instance of a particularly pernicious critical fallacy we impose upon our authors, that of assuming that the settings of their books have anything whatever to do with their true subject matter.

What then do we find in *Too Far To Go*, Updike's collected Maple stories? Here is a writer writing about what is closest to home: a marriage, four children, a suburb of Boston to which husbands commute and wives are banished. Unlike the Africa of *The Coup*, nobody dies of hunger here, and men do not *legally* have four wives; but in truth the problems are not so different from those of Updike's Africa. Hunger is spiritual rather than physical; men long for more wives than one, though they can hardly cope with the multiple personalities of the singular wives they have; and the revolutions that are fought in bedrooms are not less painful for being bloodless than the revolutions fought in the third world.

It would be amusing to compare *Too Far To Go* with *The Coup*—amusing, but unfair, though the former book seems at times to adumbrate the latter. (In "Giving Blood" Richard Maple "nervously wonders" about meeting "the King of Arabia," who is ensconced in the hospital with four wives: "Only four? What an ascetic," he says.) But that is merely one of those spooky precognitions all novelists are familiar with: the ghost of a later book flitting through the pages of an earlier one.

Too Far To Go never meant to be a proper novel; it just grew, whereas *The Coup* was clearly conceived as a whole. Yet in both books the concerns are characteristically Updikean: how can man ever know woman—that mysterious other?; how can "mere" lust so discompose our lives?; how is it that men who long to be at peace with the spirit are always so enmeshed in things of the flesh—or can they somehow make spirit and flesh one?

Updike's characteristic protagonist is a man who would like to abolish the duality between matter and spirit but cannot because various insurmountable obstacles stand in his way. These obstacles are usually represented by women, though one suspects that Updike's women are at least partly symbols for the ineffability of the life force. But they are also real women. Both Joan Maple in *Too Far To Go* and Kadongolimi in *The Coup* represent that "continuum of women" which will always welcome the Updike hero "when all else crumbles." A feminist reading Updike cannot but envy that warm welcoming womb of women to which the Updike hero always has access even when it clearly creates as many problems as it solves.

We first meet Joan and Richard Maple when they are in their 20s, living in Greenwich Village like thrifty college students; we last see them in a divorce court in Cambridge when they have become affluent and middle-aged. Their divorce is "no fault." Their family has swelled from two to six. They have been fruitful and multiplied; now they are sundered. In the meantime they have traversed the 1950s, the 1960s, the 1970s, having had all the characteristic marital experiences of those decades—civil rights, adultery, divorce—but in their own characteristic ways. They are a representative American couple in part because they are so singular. Their separation and divorce are the more poignant for their not hating each other. The title of this collection might well be "No Fault." Updike says in his foreword that "the moral of these stories is that all blessings are mixed"; but we know that Updike is not a writer who likes stories with simplistic morals. As he says in "Why Write?" (originally a speech given in Australia in 1974 and collected in *Picked-Up Pieces*): "The absence of a swiftly expressible message is, often, *the* message; . . . reticence is as important a tool to the writer as expression. . . ." In fact his comments in that splendid address on the writer's craft constitute a better gloss on the Maple stories than any I might compose: "What the writer makes," says Updike, "is ideally as ambiguous and opaque as life itself."

So much for morals. The Maple stories *are* ambiguous and opaque, and so, ultimately, are the Maples. To the extent that they are like real people, life has no simple morals for them.

In my favorite story in the book, "Separating," Joan and Richard announce their separation to their assembled children, after waiting months for the proper moment. But there turns out to be no proper moment for such a revelation. "'What do you care about *us*?'" their younger boy shouts. "'We're just little things you *had*.'" The line rings so true as family dinner table dialogue that it breaks the reader's heart, though of course it is not the whole truth about the Maples—or about any family.

"'You're the whole point,'" Richard counters, and again we are struck by Updike's perfect pitch, the sensitivity of an ear that always gets the dialogue right. Compared to this perfection of tone, all morals are shoddy and useless. Let us celebrate our sheer good luck in having such a writer in our midst.

Erica Jong

Erica Jong is a poet and novelist whose most recent book is *At the Edge of the Body* (Holt, Reinhart & Winston), a collection of poems. Her new novel will be published in 1980.

Pat: A Biography of Daniel Patrick Moynihan by Douglas Schoen

(Harper & Row; $12.95)

Douglas Schoen's biography of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the junior senator from New York, is typical of a genre of American political writing that may be called the biography of the presidential aspirant. In keeping with the conventions of this genre, Schoen gives a straightforward, sympathetic account of his subject's career, hinting at the end that 1980 may be the year when Moynihan "comes to center stage." At the moment, this seems most unlikely, but the book still serves the useful purpose of explaining to the general reader who Moynihan is and what he believes.

This is an important contribution, since Moynihan does not fall into any of

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the ready-made categories we use to identify public figures. He is a liberal who has been placed at the "hot center" of neoconservatism, a Democrat who has worked in two Republican administrations, a Harvard professor who is a successful politician, and an Irish Catholic who has published his most important articles in a Jewish magazine (*Commentary*). He is, moreover, a genuine intellectual, which by itself sets him apart from his congressional colleagues. Yet he takes an Orwellian delight in exposing the follies of the intelligentsia.

The paradoxes hardly end here. As a government official, one of Moynihan's chief aims was to promote programs that would improve the social and economic position of the black poor. Yet black politicians and publicists have been among his most vehement critics. He has also been the foremost American exponent of Wilsonian idealism in international politics. Yet he has been portrayed as an opponent of the developing nations who would like to disrupt East-West and North-South relations.

What are we to make of this perplexing man? A serious assessment of Moynihan's political role and intellectual outlook is beyond the scope of Schoen's book, which simply sets forth the main events in Moynihan's varied career and summarizes his thinking on matters of public policy. Schoen's account is accurate and dispassionate, but he doesn't adequately explain why Moynihan has been so controversial or so intensely unpopular with that segment of American liberal opinion that clusters in the left wing of the Democratic party.

For example, Schoen correctly establishes that Moynihan's report on the Negro family, like his famous "benign neglect" memo to President Nixon, was intended to direct government efforts toward programs that would substantially improve the lots of black Americans. But he attributes the controversy aroused by these documents simply to "timing, semantics, and personality." This overlooks the fact that Moynihan and his critics had differences over issues of program and strategy that reflected deep, if not always articulated, conflicts of interest and political philosophy. These differences actually arose for the first time in 1964, the year before the report of the Negro family was drafted, in the course of a debate over the direction of the anti-poverty program. Moynihan's approach, which the government did not adopt, emphasized jobs and income maintenance, while the alternative "community action" approach focused on the "maximum feasible participation" of the poor in the war on poverty. The significance of this distinction was apparent only later, when it had become clear that the federal anti-poverty effort had succeeded in employing middle-class planners, empowering a new stratum of community activists in the urban ghettos, and encouraging racial militance, while doing very little about the problem of poverty.

Had Moynihan restricted himself to advocating an "incomes strategy," it is doubtful that the conflict between him and his critics would have become so sharp. But he had the temerity to suggest that his opponents were not as high-minded as they appeared to be, and that some of them wanted to use community action programs to unleash the poor, the black underclass in particular, against the system. In fact, by the end of the 1960s, Moynihan was convinced that liberalism had been usurped by people who wanted to sharpen the conflicts in American society as a way of overturning a system they considered evil.

Moynihan set himself against this trend and was to become one of its most formidable opponents. Unlike the conservatives, who welcomed a confrontation on issues of race and poverty, Moynihan warned against the dangers of polarization and questioned the left's claim to speak for the best interests of the poor. The left, he felt, was less interested in achieving reforms to end poverty and racial inequality than in indicting American society because of the existence of these problems. Drawing freely on the writings of Joseph Schumpeter, George Orwell, Robert Warshow,

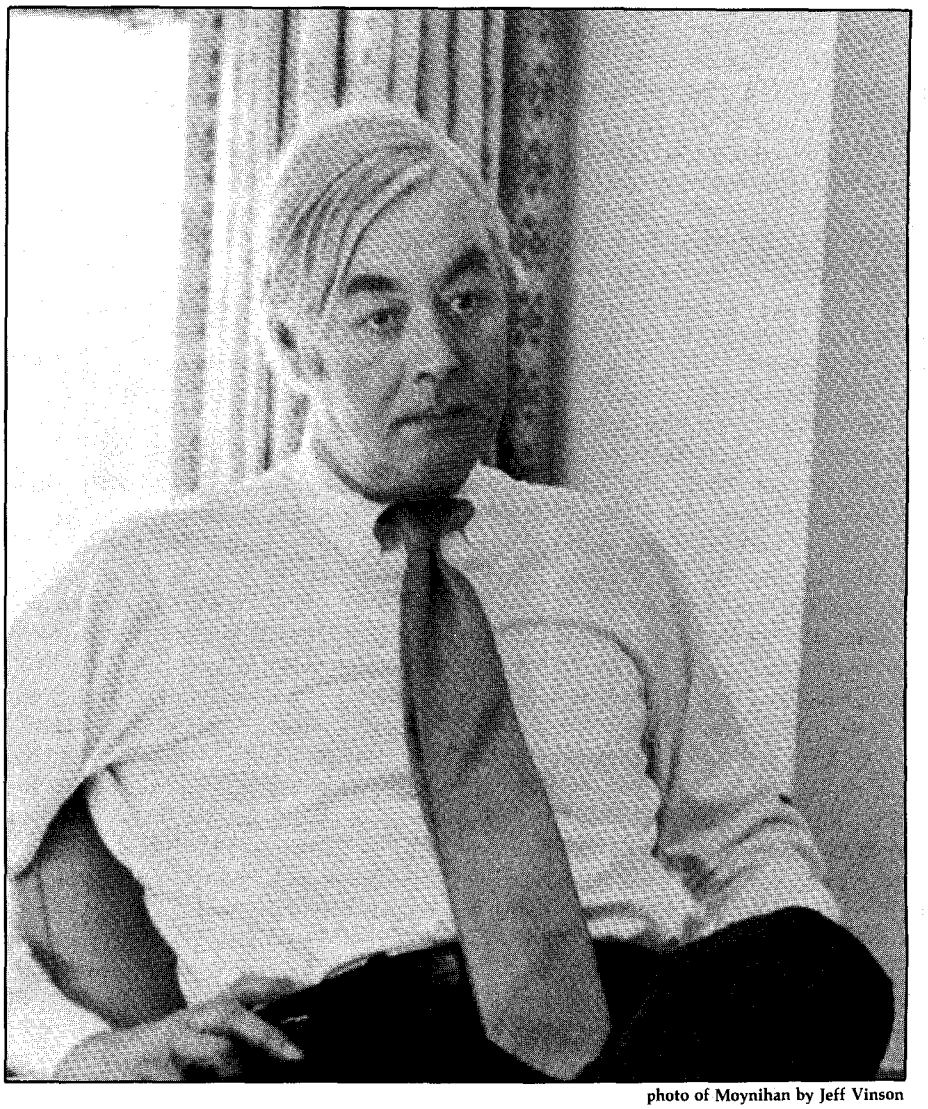

photo of Moynihan by Jeff Vinson

Coming:

John Irving on Kurt Vonnegut.

●

Ursula LeGuin on Doris Lessing.

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and Lionel Trilling (none of whom is mentioned in Schoen's book), he characterized the left as an opposition culture permanently dissatisfied with liberal democracy. Long before he went to the United Nations, therefore, Moynihan had determined that liberal democracy was under attack and required a resolute defense.

In fact, as Schoen's book reveals, Moynihan's conviction that liberal democracy, particularly American democracy, required ideological defense long preceded his entry into government. Already in 1948, at the age of 21, he had concluded that "the crucial battles are at present being fought round and about the world not with guns, but with ideas," and not among the elite classes but among the awakening working classes of the world. He warmed to this ideological struggle, especially, specifically to the defense of America which he felt was essentially unaware of the nature of the struggle and ill prepared to defend the position of liberal democracy in terms that would appeal either to the Western intelligentsia or to the emerging nations.

While a Fulbright Scholar at the London School of Economics in 1951, Moynihan engaged in an exchange with G. D. H. Cole, the British Socialist, which foreshadowed his battles at the UN a quarter of a century later. Cole had charged in an article in the *New Statesman* that the US was in South Korea to prepare an attack on China, and that America offered no more hope to the world than the Soviet Union. In reply, Moynihan went on the attack, charging that Cole's views "derive from a wild, almost mythological conception of American society and are inexcusable and irresponsible." Concerned that such views were shared by a vital section of British opinion, Moynihan was more than ever convinced (as he wrote in a letter home) that "we had damned sure better get off our intellectual asses but quick."

George Orwell once wrote that "patriotism and intelligence will have to come together again." It has been such a coming together that Moynihan, in his own combative way, has tried to bring about—but with less than total success, if we are to judge by the reaction of many intellectuals. Stanley Hoffmann, writing in *Dissent*, has charged that Moynihan's buoyant Americanism is much akin to traditional American jingoism, and equally as dangerous. Similarly, Jane Kramer, in the *New York Review of Books*, has charged Moynihan with demagogically reducing complicated issues to a kind of "gunboat diplomacy of the spirit." And both, among others, have accused him of playing to the Middle American gallery.

But Moynihan's position cannot be so easily dismissed. How, after all, *is* America to respond to the systematic assault being waged by totalitarian countries against its interests and values, and above all against the idea of freedom itself? Henry Kissinger counseled quiet diplomacy, while Andrew Young goes so far as to concede the substance of the anti-American position. But only Moynihan has been prepared to say what is undeniably true, which is that the purveyors of anti-Americanism preside over the most wretched systems known to mankind and that they lie for the simple reason that the truth is so devastating. To be sure, Moynihan has not said this with undue politeness. But his message is not one that can be clearly conveyed in cautious diplomatic language. And if many Americans have liked what he has said and his manner of saying it, this is only because they, too, are fed up with sanctimonious tyrants and pusillanimous representatives of free peoples.

As Moynihan has learned over the past decade and a half, the battle of ideas is bruising and can take a heavy toll on one's spirit. Since the furor over the "benign neglect" memo, he has not been heard from on matters related to racial issues. "It killed me," he confessed to a reporter in 1974. "I can never be usefully involved in those matters that I had been involved in." Undoubtedly there are many people who would like to see him also back off from the forceful stance on international questions that he adopted while at the UN. He would find himself less exposed to attack if he were to do so, but he would also be less effective as a political leader. The source of his broad appeal has been his capacity to invoke the American creed in terms that can restore belief in America and in the democratic idea. It may be hard to put a label on Moynihan, but his voice has been as distinctive as it has been resonant and eloquent—if also jarring to some ears. The political life of the country has been enriched by it and would be diminished were it to be muffled or stilled.

Carl Gershman

Carl Gershman is executive director of Social Democrats, USA.

Brief Review

Run to the Waterfall by Arturo Vivante

(Scribner's; $8.95)

The 15 pieces in *Run to the Waterfall* have all the qualities the "run" in the title suggests: brevity, exhilaration, an appreciation of nature. Vivante has fashioned these slender fictions around three characters—the narrator Giacomo, and his elderly father and mother—living in placid, sunlit Siena before and after World War II. Some of the pieces are stories, some only incidents, or glimpses; their cumulative effect, though not "novelistic" (as advertised in the blurb), is nevertheless cohesive and interesting.

"A Game of Light and Shade" opens the book radiantly. The tower of Siena's town hall, built in the 14th century and rising more than 300 feet over the piazza, is the town's highest and oldest tower and also one of the few that foreign conquerors have left standing. The narrator, who climbed the tower once in childhood, has returned to climb it again. Upon descending, he notices a blind man about to enter. To jump? Curiosity compels him to follow the man up; after a while together on the terrace on top he asks him why he climbed up when the view was obviously something he could not enjoy. The blind man, exceptionally sensitive to shadows and light, walks around the terrace identifying a merlon, an arch, a crenel, a bell. The narrator leaves "gladdened as one can only be by the sunlight."

The simple incident sets the tone for the rest of the collection. At the center of almost every piece is some passive, natural object—sunlight, an heirloom, a remembered conversation, a waterfall—that provides Vivante with an occasion for reflection and discovery. Quietly, he comes to an understanding of his mother's ardent but platonic extramarital affair with a man named Millo, of his father's mania for tending a peach orchard, and of his own feelings as he is unnecessarily summoned throughout the night by his father, who is sinking into senility and death. We human beings do and think a lot of things that are not apparently rational. Vivante identifies those things but doesn't analyze them; the circumstances in which they occur are explanation enough. There is humor in a lot of our more impulsive behavior, but

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there is also dignity.

There is an enormous potential for sappiness and preciosity in a collection of such delicate fictionalized reminiscences. Occasionally, as in the very last lines of "At the Dinner Table" and "Of Love and Friendship," Vivante's soft, simple message seems disingenuous, too easy, like the final couplet of too many Shakespeare sonnets. But the language of *Run to the Waterfall*, the depiction of Italian landscape, and most of the reflections and realizations are genuine and unadorned. There is no manufactured drama, no exaggeration, no attempt at psychological analysis. The past can only be put into a larger perspective, and accepted. Again and again in that acceptance Vivante convincingly affirms life—small aspects of life, and in many ways qualified—but any convincing affirmation of life in fiction these days is rare and refreshing, and that alone is reason enough to read this book.

Marc Granetz

Marc Granetz is editorial director for New Republic Books.

Literature

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In the circles in which I travel, there's no easier way to stir an argument than to say a good word for Henry Kissinger. To be sure, those circles—the theory class in Cambridge, press pulpiteers in Washington—are not exactly the *vox populi*. Nor are they anything like the opposite pole, the real establishment. In both of these last two groups, Kissinger's sway is virtually undiminished. Any presidential candidate who'll promise to make Kissinger secretary of state will have a leg up on the election, despite Anthony Lewis's annual Christmas bombing column. But where I live and work, there's a gang-up on Dr. K. You can understand why, but the attack is based on assumptions and conclusions that I don't think are fair. Before proceeding, allow me to protect my flanks: I've said and written awful things about Kissinger—in public, to his face, behind his back. I was an early antiwar activist. Kissinger and I tangled about Indochina before he ever came to power. We continued to do that, often bitterly, in the years that followed. We still do. I yield to no one . . . etc, etc.

One thing that troubles me is that those who put America into the war, and kept it going without ever genuinely seeking a way out through negotiations, seem to have gotten off the hook. Robert McNamara, for example, even got some sort of peace prize and lots of cash from the University of Chicago this past spring. No one seems to hold it against Averell Harriman that he almost single-handedly, through his elegant and eminent dissimulations, kept a Senate opposition from coming together against the war from 1965 through 1967. But that's when it was a Democratic war, which is exactly what Nixon and Kissinger inherited. In those early years, there might have been, just might have been, a meaningful negotiation. But there were no peace heavies then. There were just old Ernest Gruening and cranky Wayne Morse. In the clout and chic departments, they lost hands down. These odds changed at the changing of administrations. By the time the war was fully in Kissinger's hands, the North Vietnamese had little incentive to compromise on anything, and they didn't. American policy in that period was neither rational nor humane; it was brutal. While reducing our personnel commitments to the war, we intensified our military tactics. But surely no one at that juncture thought of victory. Certainly Kissinger didn't. What Washington hoped was that Hanoi might be willing (or forced) to allow the South Vietnamese some independence. A vain hope, but not a wicked one, even from the perspective of those years, to say nothing of what we have learned since.

I know a little bit about those hopes. In early 1970, Sam Brown and I accompanied Eugene McCarthy on a visit to Paris, to see the North Vietnamese and NLF delegations to the peace talks. The Washington columnist Mary McGrory suggested that Sam and I see Kissinger before we go; we did. Kissinger asked us to be alert for any indication, however trifling, of the adversary's receptiveness to the notion of a coalition government in Saigon. Perhaps Henry was just humoring us, but we took him seriously. We sadly reported back to Kissinger a few weeks later that there was no such receptiveness.

Documents, like statistics, can be made to prove anything. I've read William Shawcross's *Sideshow*, and its case against American policy in Cambodia—based largely on government documents obtained through the Freedom of Information Act—is compelling enough. But it's not the whole story. After all, it was the North Vietnamese who extended the war to Cambodia first, which is to say that they were the ones who exposed the Cambodians to the hazards of war. Surely the Vietnamese could not assume immunity. All the same, the policy was tragically wrong; it would have been even had the Constitution not been flouted to carry it out. I gather, though, from people who've spoken recently with Sihanouk that he's not really bitter about Kissinger or America. What's intervened since the American years, of course, are those two grotesquely worse-than-death happenings inflicted by the Pol Pot regime and the fraternal Vietnamese.

It's not my intention—though surely all of this will be misread—to justify the policies Kissinger effected. Too much tragedy was their direct consequence. But I also remember how many of my peace movement comrades and colleagues patted themselves on the back after the war ended, saying: "See, there is no bloodbath." They don't gloat that way any longer. But I still feel obliged—yes I'm defensive—to dissociate from Kissinger. I disapprove the tapping of phones, and some of those tapped were friends, which means that some of their conversations with me too may have been bugged, and I resent being bugged. But tapping Morton Halperin is not worse than tapping Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., the tapping of whom and others was done by *echt* liberals, liberal heroes, liberal hopes.

Kissinger can do no right, as far as some people are concerned. Now that he has grave apprehensions about SALT II, for which he's criticized by arms treaty proponents, he's also criticized by these same people for not having had those apprehensions about SALT I. In fact, he's been criticized by *The New Republic* for this seeming inconsistency. The difference, of course, is SALT I was at the start of the detente experiment with the Soviet Union and SALT II is three years later. In that time, there has been much more experience with Moscow hawkishness in arms development in particular and foreign policy in general. Proponents of a cause are not inclined to welcome fresh evidence that might impede their cause. It's human nature.

One thing that irritates Kissinger's critics, I think, is that he has a comprehensive and comprehensible foreign policy. These qualities do not necessarily make for a correct foreign policy, but they do produce one that tries to make its ends meet. "So you wanted the shah out," Kissinger challenged a mutual friend some weeks ago. "But what about what happens after the shah? Did you want Khomeini? Do you want the Marxist fanatics who will follow him? No, you didn't and you don't. But the one thing you wanted least of all was a military coup which would be pro-Western." That would go for most of Kissinger's critics, most of us. We have a foreign policy that doesn't look past the downfall of those whom we despise. It's a foreign policy that ignores consequences, which is a foreign policy without a conception of national interest.

STOP PRESS: This column was written before we received Morton Kondracke's good words about Kissinger cabled from Brussels (p. 16). Be assured that this will not be a trend; other editors are insisting that we quickly restore the old balance of three savage words on Kissinger for every good one.

M.P.

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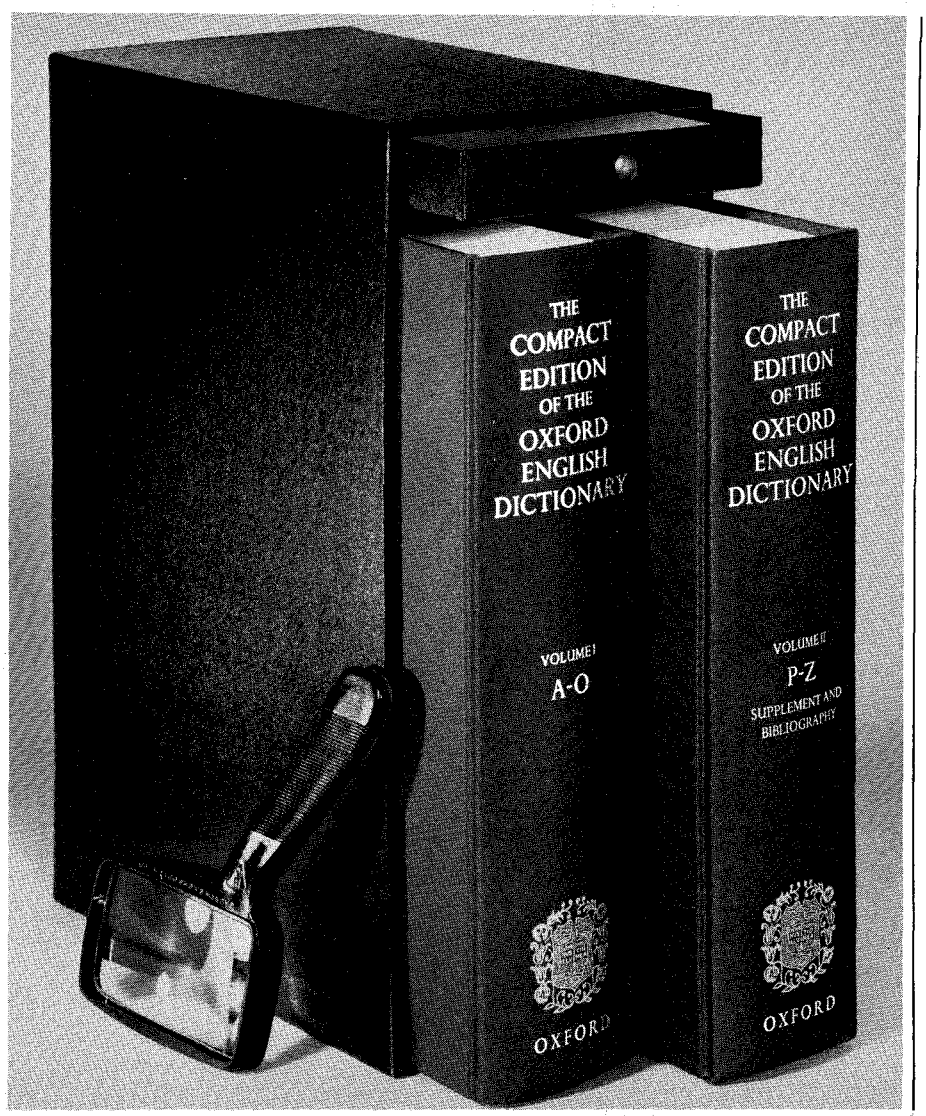

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